

# THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

VOL. IV. NO. 10.  
WHOLE NO. 122.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 7, 1865.

\$3.00 A YEAR.  
6 CTS. A NUMBER

## THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

Office of Publication: No. 64 NASSAU STREET,  
New York City.

Post-Office Address: Box 2120, N. Y.

PRICE, \$3.00 A YEAR 6 CENTS A NUMBER.

Advertisements, 15 Cents a line.

GENERAL AGENTS:  
THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY.

SPECIAL AGENTS:  
ALL THE NEWS-AGENTS IN THE COUNTRY.

FOREIGN AGENTS:

PALESTINE—  
Fernando Wood, Jerusalem.  
Now in town getting subscribers.)

CHINA—  
Chau-Tsu-pai-kia-chang, Peking

JAPAN—  
Koign-no-Kammi, Yeddo.

SANDWICH ISLANDS—  
Kamehameha & Co., Honolulu.

TURKEY—  
Mehemed-Fuad-Sead-Emin, Constantinople.

PERSIA—  
Ali-Gozi-Mirza-Ferrouk-Khan, Teheran

GREECE—  
Georgius Cheryoscoces, Athens.

CHILI—  
Antonio Joaquin Perez, Santiago.

MEXICO—  
Don Sebastian José y Tejada, City of Mexico.

ITALY—  
Giuseppe Ferrari Giacomo Antonelli, Rome.

SPAIN—  
Don Pedro Nolasco Miraflores, Madrid.

PORTUGAL—  
Joaquin Anselmo Lobo d'Avila, Lisbon.

SWEDEN—  
Henry Gerhard de Lagerstrale Thyselius Stockholm

NORWAY—  
Christian Zedlitz Moinechen, Christianiana.

DENMARK—  
Frederic Detlev Wolfhagen, Copenhagen.

POLAND—  
Stan Ossolinski Szumaki, Cracow.

BOHEMIA—  
The entire population

## (From the London Saturday Review.) TWO AMERICAN COMEDIANS.

Within the last few weeks we have been favored with visits from two American actors of what is called "character." Both of them have earned a high reputation in those cities of the United States which can alone confer theatrical honors on the other side of the Atlantic. At home, we understand, they distinguished themselves in what is commonly termed "legitimate" business; that is to say, they acted in the old stock-comedies, without relying on pieces written for the sole purpose of suiting their own peculiarities. Here, however, they have represented certain exceptional types of humanity, supposed to be among the offshoots of American soil. Mr. John E. Owens, who has lately left us, represented an exceedingly stolid and uncultivated farmer, the inhabitant of some Eastern State. Mr. Jefferson, who has very recently made his appearance among us, portrays the Dutch settler of the early period of New York civilization, as exhibited by Washington Irving in his story of *Rip van Winkle*. The theatre for both has been the Adelphi.

Distinct as these two actors are from each other in look, manner, and style, as well as in the description of character selected for representation, they both apparently proceed on the common principle of taking in hand, perhaps inventing, a marked idiosyncrasy, and working out its details to the highest possible degree of finish. For this reason they may be classed with Mr. Sothorn, since, with him also, minuteness of detail is the grand consideration. Broad sketches do not, as it seems, belong to the notions of histrionic art entertained by these three proficient. As the old Dutch painter is said to have boasted of the number of touches which he bestowed on the elaboration of one shirt-collar, so may these new actors, trained on the other side of the Atlantic, glory in the quantity of minute action which they employ in order to realize their conception of a character which they have thought worthy of study.

How the old conventional fop of two centuries standing was sublimated into the unique Lord Dundreary, by Mr. Sothorn, has now been known to every playgoer for the last two years; and Brother Sam, who at present reigns in Dundreary's place—for he is expected back in London after Christmas—is another illustration of the successful application of the same method of proceeding. In addressing himself to the London public, Mr. Sothorn was remarkably fortunate in the character which had made his fortune in the United

States, and which perhaps owed part of its American popularity to a desire of the Yankees to laugh at a Britisher, who was a lord into the bargain. While the details of Dundreary were entirely fresh, the basis from which they sprang was perfectly familiar to the Haymarket audience, who could therefore understand the moral and intellectual status which he was intended to represent. From the days of Charles II. we have had our Foppingtons and Flutters, who stood apart from the Dorimants and the Mirabels, libertines of a more robust sort, as cultivators of an effeminate dialect and an extreme indolence of manner. These fops were sometimes supposed to ape the fashions of France and Italy, as, even at the present day, fops on the German stage are very fond of the verbs in "Iren;" but they were not half so foreign as they looked. The military swell, who is allied to the old fop by an outward semblance of effeminacy and indolence, but differs from him in the firm retention of his soldierlike courage, would seem to be of a later growth. He was made perhaps more prominent than he had been before, about forty years since, when the Hussars of the 10th regiment rendered themselves unpopular by certain strange affectations, and were satirized not only by the caricaturists of the day, but by the Rev. George Croly in his comedy, *Pride shall have a Fall*. Since that time he has not been allowed wholly to disappear, and he still lives in Mr. Leech's drawings of fashionable guardsmen. Dundreary grasped within himself the peculiarities of many varieties of the genus fop, and each of these could be perfectly appreciated by every London playgoer, though the compound result was entirely novel.

Mr. John E. Owens, on the other hand, was less fortunate. No character could have been more elaborately wrought than that of the ungainly boor whom he presented to the Adelphi audience, and who, we are told by competent judges, more strongly resembled a rustic inhabitant of New Jersey than any other member of the human family. The actor was comparatively young; but, by a strange manipulation of his head and face, by a low, shambling gait, by the adoption of a voice seemingly affected both by years and drink, he produced a perfect picture of dirty disreputable senility, in which not a relic of youth could be traced. The state of mental fog in a low-bred, perversely cunning old man, who perpetually mixes up one subject with another, and occasionally astonishes by an outburst of shrewdness, could not have been more completely embodied. His "Just so"—a desperate attempt to conceal utter ignorance



of the purport of a proposition by the use of an affirmative form of reply—was a marvellous indication of an intellectual blank; and he had a certain manner of seating himself in a chair with great difficulty, carefully adjusting the tails of a very shabby coat, and concluding the difficult performance with a little shriek of triumph, which, often repeated in the course of one evening, never failed to awaken a roar. But, with all his acknowledged merits, Mr. John E. Owens was so far unfortunately placed that he had selected a character which had nothing in common with English associations, and the aspect of which was rather repulsive than attractive. The dialect and manner of Solon Shingle, as the farmer was called, had little in common with those which are popularly attributed to Yankees; and though we could perceive that his details were consistent with each other, it was difficult to surmise to what sort of actuality they referred. Dundreary himself was a creation of the fancy, and those matter-of-fact critics who complained that they had not seen his prototype in society, ignored the peculiar talent of Mr. Sothorn. But every one knew the sort of entity to which he pointed, whereas the very elements of which Solon Shingle is composed are strange to Englishmen.

Moreover, although *Our American Cousin* was a notoriously bad piece, it was not so utterly effete and contemptible as the wretched compound of farce and domestic drama which introduced Solon Shingle to the British public. The Dundreary scenes at any rate answered the purpose of developing the principal personage, and the principal personage was an agreeable object to behold. But dirty, sleepy Solon Shingle, always chewing and spitting, and always losing the thread of his discourse, had been just as fully exhibited at the end of the first scene as at the end of the entire piece. Mr. Owens has left no doubt about his talents as a most finished actor of exceptional idiosyncrasy, but he also leaves a regret that he was not presented under more favorable circumstances.

We are told that Mr. Jefferson, whose debut at the Adelphi is the chief theatrical event of the day, holds in America about the same rank as his predecessor. But, however that may be, it is certain that Mr. Jefferson's chances of obtaining an English popularity are infinitely greater than those of Mr. John E. Owens. The character of Rip van Winkle, though his twenty years' sleep distinguishes him from the rest of his fellow-mortals, is one that everybody can understand. Moreover, Mr. Jefferson's version of the part is not only intelligible but picturesque, and often as inebriety has been depicted on the stage, he exhibits the vice under a new form. Rip is as confirmed a drunkard as the worst man against whom the editor of the *British Workman* could direct his pictures or his letter-press—the modern Helot, at which little dissenting Spartans might be taught to point. He neglects his wife and child, he wastes his substance, and he tries to pick up a miserable existence by shooting on the Catskill Mountains, where he never contrives to hit anything unless it be some valuable beast belonging to his wife. His debauchery, too, is of the most abject sort. If he would only be content to sit at the head of a party of boon companions, his foible might be pardoned;

but he is quite as much addicted to solitary as to convivial drunkenness. He loves to figure in a roystering clique, but he likes also to carry a bottle in his pocket, and while, with his arms round his wife's neck, he is swearing that he will not take another drop, he is drinking over her shoulder. Yet, with his immense failings, he has one quality that compensates for them all—indomitable good-nature, and it is in giving its full value to this quality that Mr. Jefferson chiefly displays his genius. There is an ease in the movements of Rip denoting a frank, jovial nature; his countenance, with many shades of expression, is good-humored through them all; he is never cross in his cups, and he is never stupid. The severity with which his wife punishes him for his delinquencies—a stout broomstick being the ordinary instrument of castigation—causes him to animadvert upon her in no measured terms when he finds himself in the midst of a party of sympathetic souls; but there is a strong domestic affection deep in his heart, and if he somewhat lacks devotion to his (in every respect) better half, he is doatingly fond of his little daughter, who instinctively appreciates the kindness hidden from the view of his wife by his vicious exterior. The dramatic object of the twenty years' sleep, caused by imbibing the magic potion proffered by the ghost of Hendrick Hudson, is to show Rip's character under a new aspect. He is a completely old man—much older, in fact, than he could possibly become through a lapse of twenty years; but this incongruity must be pardoned, on the ground that it is necessary to produce a sufficiently strong contrast between the first and second parts of the story. Rip is no longer a picturesque vagabond, with strong thighs and iron constitution; but his figure, still picturesque, is one that might have belonged to Symeon Stylites. His desolate condition, on entering among persons to whom he is an utter stranger, and who regard him as a tramp, while he feels certain that he is in his native village, gives rise to a great deal of quiet pathos, which reaches its climax when the aged wanderer is at last recognized by his daughter.

We have indicated what Mr. Jefferson has to do rather than described how he does it; but if we state that every possible detail of character that could be produced under the circumstances supposed is represented with the most perfect ease—an art that thoroughly conceals art being aided by a happy union of natural qualities—we shall have implied that Mr. Jefferson has already taken a high position among modern theatrical artists. The present age is not ideal in its tastes, but, in addition to sensation and spectacle, it is able to appreciate studies of individual character, and the more minute the finish the more will such studies be liked.

It is in the elaboration of odd figures, snatched from out-of-the-way nooks of life, or so fashioned by the actor as to be completely consistent with themselves, that the greatest histrionic successes of late years have been achieved; and much credit is to be given to the best American audiences for training a series of actors whose qualities do not appeal to the vulgar sense, but can only be fully appreciated by something like a discriminating judgment. There is no doubt that Mr. Jefferson will for some time to come remain

the leading object in the eyes of the play-going world; and in the meanwhile we may praise Mr. Boucicault for the clever manner in which he has fitted an old story, twice dramatized already, to the peculiarities of so original an actor.

## JOURNALIST AND POET.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

Among the many men of talent and *esprit* whom it was my good fortune to meet at the long table in Pfaff's dingy cellar—hardly less classic now than that of Anerbach—were two who represented, to my judgment, their classes most perfectly; the one being a typical Journalist, of the elegant and successful kind; the other being an equally typical Poet.

I speak of E. G. P. Wilkins and Fitz-James O'Brien.

The former, in the winter of 1860-1, when he came to Pfaff's for his *café noir*—before going his usual rounds of the theatres, or later in the evening for a glass of something stronger—was a tall, thin young man, with stooping shoulders, and a strikingly handsome face. His complexion was light; his eyes were intensely blue and expressive, sometimes earnestly thoughtful, sometimes gentle and abstracted, sometimes twinkling with plenitude of merriment. His features were sharply cut and thoroughbred in mould; his skin clear and delicate; his hair, which he parted nearly in the middle of a high forehead, was lustrous and wavy; and his mouth was partly concealed by a well-grown and becoming moustache, golden brown in color, and remarkably fine in texture. His hands were long, thin, and delicate as a girl's. His costume was always unexceptionable, no matter what the occasion or the season, though his preference was generally for loose, rough, easy styles, which became him wonderfully.

Fitz-James O'Brien was cast in a different mould. He was shorter than Wilkins, and far more muscular, being, indeed, a gymnast of some ability, and a firm disciple of the Church of St. Biceps. His complexion was florid; his eyes dark blue, with a marvellously winning expression; his chin very small, and his mouth entirely covered by a heavy brown cavalry-moustache. His hair, which was darker than that of Wilkins', was so fine as to appear thin, except when he had it artificially *frisé*, a fashion he frequently adopted, and one which became him.

There were more life, more vigor, more animal spirits and manliness in this face than in the one I have just described; but it was not so high-bred and gentle, nor, to my taste, so refinedly handsome. Still, Fitz-James O'Brien would have passed anywhere for a fine-looking man, as he certainly was.

In one personal peculiarity he had a great advantage over not only Ned Wilkins, but almost all other men I ever knew. His voice, in speaking, was the richest, the sweetest, the most persuasive and expressive of any male voice I can now recall. It was a power in itself. I shall never forget the impression he made upon a small party, one evening, by the manner in which he read several of Emerson's poems. He threw so much warmth, so much human tenderness and sympathy into the rather desiccated and philological works of



that rhyming philosopher, that we were all astonished. Then, artfully turning the pages, as if still reading from the book, he recited his own "Bacchus:"

"Pink as a rose was his skin so fair,  
Round as the rosebud his perfect shape,  
And there lay a light in his tawny hair,  
Like the sun in the heart of a bursting grape!"

You can fancy how we marvelled to hear such lush and luscious tropes from Ralph Waldo, and how we laughed over the deception when Fitz informed us of it. Probably no two poetic minds ever ran in more widely-divergent channels than those of Emerson and O'Brien.

Ned Wilkins was an indefatigable worker. He did not rival the 'prodigies of to-day, but the sun never set without having shone upon something accomplished by him. All the dramatic and musical articles, and a variety of short, sprightly, sometimes sharp, and often exquisitely humorous editorials in the *Herald*, were from his pen. Occasionally, too, he essayed graver topics (I remember he wrote an article once on the then new dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin), and once in a while he was entrusted with the preparation of the leading editorial.

Besides this, he wrote a dashing, humorous, highly original—and to the managers highly exasperating—Dramatic Feuilleton for a weekly paper,\* and was the New York correspondent for several American and foreign journals.

It will be readily imagined that so much occupation left Ned but little leisure. Error. Nobody ever saw him in a hurry, or with the air of being pressed by business. He always had plenty of time to chat, to take a glass of something social, to join in any merry-making, to romp with his sister's children—to whom he was greatly attached—and to amuse himself in a hundred ways; but the work was inevitably done, and done well, without slight or slovenliness.

It was, indeed, one of Ned's harmless and pleasant affectations—and he had many—to let nobody know when he worked; to appear not to work at all, but to accomplish much, notwithstanding. Perhaps a habit of his, which was not very widely known, might explain something of his apparent leisure. He rose at six in the morning, and wrote till breakfast time—between nine and ten. With the product of this healthy, fresh, early-morning labor in his pocket, he could breakfast with elegant idleness, and saunter down-town as if time-killing were his only object in life. In the *Herald* office he frequently turned off something more, and returned home to dine at dusk, with nothing to think of until the theatres opened, when he went about from one to the other, wherever there was anything new going on, making mental notes for the amusement paragraphs which he usually wrote immediately on going home, and sent to the office by a messenger.

O'Brien's methods of working were in no wise so systematic as this. Poets are erratic by nature, and none more so than he was. He often let days and weeks pass without putting a line on paper. Then, when the inspiration came, he wrote steadily and easily on to the end, often without interruption. He was never known, however, to get up at 6 o'clock

in the morning. On the contrary, he was inordinately fond of his bed, sleeping ten, twelve, and fifteen hours on the stretch. One or two o'clock in the afternoon was a common hour for his appearance for breakfast, and nearly all his work was done between that and dark.

Undoubtedly, his habits of labor would have been much more regular if he had lived an orderly and methodic life, with surroundings accumulated by the instinct of comfort—an instinct as much inborn as an ear for music, or an eye for color. But poor Fitz had none of this. He loved luxuries, but could not acquire them. Left to himself, he became instantly reduced to a half-furnished bedroom in some dingy hotel, a solitary suit of clothing, and—nothing more. He was frequently without a pen, a bottle of ink, a sheet of paper, or money enough to purchase them with; a condition of things not highly favorable to the entertainment of the Muses, in case they should call.

When I first knew him, in '56-7, he had elegant rooms, with a large and valuable library, piles of MSS., dressing-cases, decanters, pipes, pictures, a wardrobe of marvellous splendor, and all sorts of knick-knackery, such as young bachelors love to collate. These properties were subsequently left, a melancholy trail, among the lodging-houses in which he lived—or rather through which he passed—for the partial indemnification of the disappointed keepers thereof.

I do not think that Fitz ever incurred a debt in his life without feeling perfectly sure of its immediate liquidation. But, somehow, when he had the money, he had, also, so many other uses for it, that the debt was crowded over "till next time." Meanwhile, he came to be afflicted with a certain curious fear of his creditor, that increased with every day of credit, until meeting him voluntarily was far beyond Fitz's strength of mind; so the debt went forever uncanceled. This was hardly criminal, save in the strictest dry-goods point of view; but it was exceedingly unfortunate for O'Brien—and for others.

All these petty considerations, however, sink into their proper nothingness when we read a poem like the "Ode to Dr. Kane," or a romance like the "Diamond Lens." Let it be recorded, in passing, that all the stories about O'Brien's stealing the plot of this wonderful tale from one of the late William North's manuscripts, are utterly and ridiculously false. North had not brain enough, and has nowhere indicated the possession of half enough, to have conceived such a work. It is like saying that Mr. Tennyson borrows inspiration from Mr. Tupper.

Ned Wilkins left no work which will live beyond the memory of his personal friends. His Feuilletons, before mentioned, were indescribably clever, and upon these rests the best part of his strictly literary reputation. The *Herald* files bear abundant testimony to his power as a journalist *de facto*.

His death seemed, when it came, like some great mistake. Everybody exclaimed, "No, not Wilkins!" when they heard of it. It did not seem possible. I passed a delightful evening with him two weeks before. We went to Niblo's to laugh at Forrest's *Metamora*—and found plenty to laugh at—after which I accompanied him to his rooms, where we

libated to each other and talked about literature—French especially, and Montaigne, one of Ned's prime favorites—until the small hours began to grow. A few days after, I heard he was ill, but of nothing serious. A week after, I was in the house, and went up to his chamber with a wild and untamable friend of his, to search for potables. He was in bed, and sleepy; but laughed as he said, "There, good night; shut the door *behind you*," in token of his willingness to be left alone.

Two days later, I saw him in the street with Mr. Manager Stuart, and was pained to see how like an old man he walked. This was Tuesday or Wednesday. On the Sunday following Will Winter came to my rooms, pale, haggard, hollow-eyed, and told me, with a gasp, that Ned Wilkins was dead!

He was just on the threshold. His position was just assured, and ripening. He was just coming into a handsome income from his manifold labors. He had just established a happy home with the family of a deceased brother. Everything smiled upon him, and fortune was turning her wheel on his behalf, when—poof!—the candle is out!

Not so with Fitz-James O'Brien. He was, I think, of exactly the same age, but he had lived more. He had gained experience in London, where he dissipated his patrimony and underwent his *grande passion*. He was a sort of poet before Ned dreamed of writing anything.

O'Brien has left enough poems to make a volume or two of rare excellence; but nobody seems to like the trouble of looking them up or of publishing them.

His death was tragic enough. He was on the staff of Gen. Lander, with the rank of captain; and went out with forty men to forage, one day, near Bloomery Gap. Meeting a force of Confederates, Fitz ordered a charge, as a matter of course; he never knew what physical fear was. Unhappily, the enemy outnumbered him largely, and his charge was of no use. A skirmish ensued, and in it Fitz met the Confederate officer in command face to face in the road.

A regular duel with revolvers ensued. At the second shot, O'Brien's shoulder was fractured, the ball entering near the elbow and glancing up the *humerus* bone. This, however, did not spoil his eye, and with another shot he knocked his opponent out of the saddle.

The best of treatment in a private family near Baltimore only alleviated his lingering tortures, and he died within several weeks, in the most terrible agony, lockjaw having threatened him almost from the first. During his illness, he managed to write two or three fine poems, and some charming letters to Frank Wood, now gone from us also.

I think a larger number of persons mourned for Fitz than for Ned; for all his many readers missed him, and sorrowed thereat. But there was a deeper grief in St. Thomas' Church, on that dreadful rainy afternoon, among those who gathered about the beautiful presence of what was once Ned Wilkins, than often falls to the lot of any of us, be we journalists, poets, or simple "lookers-on in Vienna."

MILLINE'S VERSION OF NAPOLEON'S MOTTO:  
—L'empire—c'est la paye.



(From the Atlantic Monthly for October.)

## SOONER OR LATER.

BY HARRIET E. PRESCOTT.

Sooner or later the storms shall beat  
Over my slumber from head to feet:  
Sooner or later the winds shall rave  
In the long grass above my grave.

I shall not heed them where I lie,  
Nothing their sound shall signify,  
Nothing the headstone's fret of rain,  
Nothing to me the dark day's pain.

Sooner or later the sun shall shine  
With tender warmth on that mound of mine;  
Sooner or later, in summer air,  
Clover and violet blossom there.

I shall not feel in that deep-laid rest  
The sheeted light fall over my breast,  
Nor ever note in those hidden hours  
The wind-blown breath of the tossing flowers.

Sooner or later the stainless snows  
Shall add their hush to my mute repose:  
Sooner or later shall slant and shift  
And heap my bed with their dazzling drift.

Chill though that frozen pall shall seem,  
Its touch no colder can make the dream  
That recks not the sweet and sacred dread  
Shrouding the city of the dead.

Sooner or later the bee shall come  
And fill the noon with his golden hum;  
Sooner or later on half-paused wing  
The blue-bird's warble about me ring,—

Ring and chirrup and whistle with glee,  
Nothing his music means to me,  
None of these beautiful things shall know  
How soundly their lover sleeps below.

Sooner or later, far out in the night,  
The stars shall over me wing their flight;  
Sooner or later my darkling dew  
Catch the white spark in their silent ooze.

Never a ray shall part the gloom  
That wraps me round in the kindly tomb;  
Peace shall be perfect for lip and brow—  
Sooner or later,—oh, why not now?

## TOM ROCKET, THE HIGHWAYMAN.

BY ALBANY FONBLANQUE, JR.

"It happened to my father," said the tall man in the chimney corner, "and that's how I came to know all about it."

The chimney corner is that of the Rising Sun, a pleasant little roadside inn, about two miles from Northampton, and the tall man is president of a bowling-club that met there once a fortnight, principally to dine. The "it" of which the speaker's relative was the hero, is the adventure which forms the subject of this narrative.

The reason why we were listening to stories instead of playing bowls, was simply this. One of the heaviest thunder-storms that I can remember, broke over the Rising Sun that afternoon. All during dinner we could see great ragged copper-colored clouds banking up against the wind, and the cloth was hardly off the table, when spit! spat! spat! against the diamond-shaped window-panes came a few heavy hail-stones, then came the lightning, then came the thunder, and then came the rain, as though it had not rained for ten years, and was determined to make up for lost time. So there was nothing for it but to sit still and to amuse ourselves, as best we could, indoors; and the conversation having turned upon

travelling, and the dangers of the road before railways were invented, Mr. Josh Sandiger our president, sitting and smoking his pipe in the chimney corner, volunteered to tell us a tale of those times, and, said he, "It happened to my father, and that's how I came to know all about it."

I do not think you would like me to give you the story just as Mr. Josh gave it us; you might get vexed with his pipe. He always smokes a very long clay pipe, which seems to require a great deal of management to get it to draw properly. He never says more than about six words at a time: then he has a pull at his pipe, and goes on again, giving you a whiff of words, and then a whiff of smoke, whilst you are turning them over in your mind, and wondering what is coming next. About every tenth whiff, he takes his pipe out of his mouth, and looks gravely into the bowl; then he takes the tobacco-stopper, presses down the ashes carefully, and shakes them out on the hob; then he looks into it again, and if it is all right, he dips the shank end into his brandy and water, looks into the bowl a third time, and gives it a rub with his cuff. Next, he opens his mouth wide, puts the sealingwax end in, closes his lips upon it slowly, and then goes on again with his story, six words at a time as before. He is reckoned a very emphatic speaker in these parts, is our president. And so, of course, he is; but I must confess, out of his hearing, that all this fidgeting, these pauses, and puffings, and stoppings, and rubbings, and looking at nothing at all, in the middle of a story, irritate me sometimes to that degree that I feel inclined to run at him, knock his pipe out of his mouth, and shriek at him to get on faster—that I do!

It would be as well, perhaps, then, if I were to quote his own words as nearly as I can recollect them straight on, and put his pipe out.

My father (continued Mr. Josh) used often to say that he would like to see the man who could rob him upon the highway, and on one fine November evening he *did* see him.

You young fellows who are accustomed to be whisked away a hundred miles between your breakfast and your dinner by an express-train, and grumble vastly if you are ten minutes behind time, don't know much about what travelling was in 1795—cross country travelling 'specially. Folks did not leave their homes then if they could help it. It's all very fine to talk about the beauties of the country, and the delights of a change of scene, but when there are more highwaymen than scavengers or police about, the roads are not so very charming, I can tell you. Why, it was a week's journey from here to London and back, in those days! and if you got home with whole bones and a full purse, you were not in a hurry to tempt Providence and Tom Rocket a second time.

Tom Rocket was a highwayman. No one ever christened him Tom, and his father's name was not Rocket. When he was tried for his life at Warwick Assizes, he was arraigned as Charles Jackson, and they were particular about names then. If you indicted a man as Jim, and his true name was Joe, he got off; and when the law was altered—so that they could set such errors right at the trial—people, leastwise lawyers, said that the British

Constitution was being pulled up, root and branch. But that's neither here nor there.

I cannot tell you how it was that he came to be known as Tom Rocket, and if I could, it would not have anything to do with my story. For six years he was the most famous thief in the Midland counties, and for six years no one knew what he was like. He was a lazy fellow, was Tom; he never came out except when there was a good prize to be picked up, and he had his scouts and his spies all over the place to give him information about booty, and warn him of danger. But to judge by what people said, he was "on the road" at half a dozen different places at once every day of his life; for you see when any one was robbed of his property, or found it convenient so to account for it, why he laid it upon Tom Rocket as a sort of excuse for giving it up easily, because; you see, no one thought of resisting Tom.

So it was that all sorts of conflicting descriptions of his person got abroad. One said that he was an awfully tall man, and had a voice like thunder; another that he was a mild little man, with black eyes and light hair. He was a fiery fat man, with blue eyes and black hair with some; he had a jolly red face—he was as pale as death—his nose was Roman one day, Grecian or a snub the next. His dress was all the colors of the rainbow, and as for his horse!—that was of every shade and breed that was ever heard of, and of a good many more beside, that have yet to be found out. He wore a black half-mask, but somehow or other it was always obliging enough to slip off, so as to give each of his victims a full view of his face, only no two of them could ever agree as to what it was like.

My father was a Gloucestershire man. He stood six feet three in his stockings, and measured thirty-six inches across the chest. He could double up a half-crown between his finger and thumb, and was as brave as a lion. So, many a time and oft, when any one talked of the dangers of the road, he would set his great teeth together, shake his head, and say that he should like to see the man that could rob *him* on the highway; and as I said before, he *did* see him, and it was Tom Rocket.

My father was a lawyer, and was at the time I have mentioned, engaged in a great tithe cause that was to be tried at Warwick Spring Assizes. So, shortly before Christmas, he had to go over to look up the evidence. There was no cross-country coach, so he rode; and being, as I have said, a brave man, he rode alone. He transacted his business; and my poor mother being ill, and not liking to leave her alone longer than he could help, he set out to ride home again about half-past nine o'clock that same evening. It was as beautiful a winter's night as ever you were out in. His nag was a first-rate hunter, as docile as a dog, and fit to carry even his weight over, or past, anything. He had a brace of excellent pistols in his holsters; and he jogged along, humming a merry tune, neither thinking nor caring for any robber under the sun. All of a sudden, it struck him that the pretty barmaid of an inn just out of Warwick town, where he had stopped to have a girth that he had broken patched together, had been very busy with those self-same pistols; and suspecting that she might have been tampering with them, he drew the charges and



reloaded them carefully. This done, he jogged on again as before.

He had ridden about ten miles, when he came to a wooden bridge that there was in those days over the Avon. Just beyond it rose a stiffish hill, at the top of which was a sudden bend in the road. Just as my father reached this turn, a masked horseman suddenly wheeled round upon him, and bade him, "Stand and deliver!" It was Tom Rocket! In a second my father's pistols were out, cocked, and snapped within a yard of the highwayman's chest; but, one after the other, they missed fire! The pretty barmaid—a special favorite of Tom's—was too sharp to rely upon the old dodge of drawing the balls, or damping the charge: she thrust a pin into each touch-hole, and then broke it short off.

"Any more?" Tom inquired, as coolly as you please, when my father's second pistol flashed in the pan.

"Yes!" shouted my father in a fury, "one for your nob!" And seizing the weapon last used by the muzzle, he hurled it with all his might and main at Rocket's head. Tom ducked, the pistol flew over the hedge, and my father, thrown out of balance by his exertion, lost his seat, and fell heavily on the grass by the road side. In less time than it takes to say so, Tom dismounted, seized my father by the collar, and presenting a pistol within an inch of his face as he lay, bade him be quiet, or it would be the worse for him.

"You've given me a deal of trouble," said Tom, "so just hand over your purse without any more ado, or by G—! I'll send a bullet through your skull—just there;" and he laid the cold muzzle of his pistol on my father's forehead just between his eyes.

It is bad enough to have to look down the barrel of loaded firearms upon full cock, with a highwayman's finger upon the trigger; but to have the cold muzzle pressed slowly upon your head—ugh!—it makes me creep to think of it.

My father made a virtue of necessity, and quietly gave up his purse.

"Much good may it do you," he said; "for there's only three-and-sixpence in it."

"Now for your pocket-book," said Tom, not heeding him.

"Pocket-book?" inquired my father, turning a little pale.

"Aye, pocket-book!" Tom repeated; "a thick black one; it is in the left-hand pocket of your riding-coat."

"Here it is," said my father, "you know so much about it that perhaps you can tell what its contents are worth!"

"I'll see," Tom replied, quietly taking out and unfolding half a dozen legal-looking documents.

"They are law-papers—not worth a rush to you or any one else," said my father.

"Then," Tom replied, "I may tear them up," and he made as though he would do so.

"Hold! on your life!" my father shouted, struggling hard, but in vain, to rise.

"Oh! they are worth something then," said Tom, with a grin.

"It would take a deal of trouble to make them out again," my father replied sulkily,—"that's all."

"How much trouble?" Tom inquired with a meaning look.

"Well," my father answered, "I suppose I

know what you are driving at. Hand me them back and let me go, and I promise to send you a hundred pounds when and where you please."

"You know very well that these papers are worth more than a hundred," said Tom.

"A hundred and fifty, then," said my father.

"Go on," said Tom.

"I tell you what it is, you scoundrel," cried my father, "I'll stake five hundred against them if you'll loose your hold, and fight me fairly for it."

Tom only chuckled.

"Why what a ninny you must take me for," he said: "why should I bother myself fighting for what I even get without?"

"You're a cur, that's what you are," my father shouted in a fury.

"Don't be cross," said Tom, "it don't become you to look red in the face. Now, attend to me," he continued in an altered tone; "do you see that bridge? Well! there's a heap of stones in the centre, isn't there? Very good! If you will place five hundred guineas in gold, in a bag, amongst those stones at twelve o'clock at night this day week, you shall find your pocketbook and all its contents in the same place two hours afterwards."

"How am I to know that you will keep your word," my father replied, a little softened by the hope of regaining, even at so heavy a price, the papers that were invaluable to him.

"I'm Tom Rocket," replied the robber, securing the pocket-book upon his person, "and what I mean I say; and what I say I stick to. Now, get up, and mind," he added, as my father sprang to his feet, "my pistols don't miss fire."

"I shall live to see you hanged," my father muttered, adjusting his disordered dress.

"Shall I help you to catch your horse?" Tom asked politely.

"I'll never rest till I lodge you in a jail," said my father, savagely.

"Give my compliments to your wife," said Tom, mounting his horse.

"Confound your impudence," howled my father.

"Good night," said Tom, with a wave of his hand, and turning sharp round, he jumped his horse over the fence and was out of sight in a moment.

It was not quite fair of my father, I must own (Mr. Josh continued, after a pause), but he determined to set a trap for Tom Rocket, baited with the five hundred guineas, at the bridge. He posted up to London, saw Bradshaw, a famous Bow-street runner, and arranged that he and his men should come down, and help to catch Tom; but just at the last moment, Bradshaw was detained upon some important government trial, and so another runner, Fraser, a no less celebrated officer, took his place.

It was settled that the runners should come by different roads, and all meet at a way-side inn about five miles from the bridge, at eight o'clock P. M. on the day my father's pocket-book was to be returned. An hour afterwards they were to join him on the road, three miles further on. Their object, you see, in taking this roundabout course was to baffle Tom's spies and accomplices, and to get securely hid about the appointed spot long before the appointed time.

My father was a little late at the place of

meeting; but when he arrived there he could see no one about, except a loutish-looking countryman in a smock-frock, who was swinging on a gate hard by.

"Good noight, maister," said the yokel.

"Good night to you," replied my father.

"Can ye tell me who this yer letter's for," said the yokel, producing a folded paper.

My father saw in a moment that it was his own letter to Bradshaw.

"Where did you get that?" he said quickly.

"Ah!" replied the yokel, replacing it in his pocket, "that ud be tellins. Be yer expecting anybody?"

"What's that to you?" said my father.

"Oh, nough," said the yokel, "only a gentleman from London—"

"Ha!" cried my father; "what gentleman?"

"Will a name beginning with F. suit you?" asked the yokel.

"Fraser?" The word fell involuntarily from my father's lips.

"That's the name," replied the yokel, jumping down from his seat, and changing his tone and manner in a moment. "I'm Fraser, sir, and you're Mr. Sandiger, as has been robbed of a pocketbook containing valuable papers; and we're going to catch Tom Rocket as has got it—that's our game, sir. All right, sir, and now to business."

"But where are your men?" my father asked, when Fraser had explained the reason for his disguise.

"All right again, sir," said the runner, "they will join us. We have not much time to lose, so please to lead the way."

So my father led the way followed by Fraser; and by the time that they came in sight of the bridge they had been joined by four London officers, in different disguises, and from different directions. One appeared as a tramp, one as a pedlar, another as a gentleman's servant leading a horse, and the fourth as a soldier. No one could have guessed that they had met before, much less that they were engaged together in a preconcerted scheme. My father gave Fraser great credit for the dexterous way in which he had collected his forces.

The bridge upon which the money was to be placed, consisted of two arches across the river, and was joined on either side by a long sort of causeway, built upon piles over meadows that in the Winter time were generally covered with water. It so happened, that the very next morning after the robbery heavy rain set in, and soon the floods were out, so that there was no way of getting on the bridge but by going along the causeway, which extended a distance of a hundred yards, sloping down gradually to the road, on each side of the river. This causeway was built of wood. At some places, the timbers were covered with earth and stones, but at others the roadway had worn out and they were bare, so that any one looking up from underneath, could see who was passing overhead. Mr. Fraser's sharp eye took in the position in a moment. He got two hurdles out of a field close by, and with some rope, that he had brought for another purpose, fastened them to the piles, so that they hung like shelves between the roadway and the flood, one at each side of the bridge, and about twenty yards from it. This was his plan: two of his men were to lie hidden on



each hurdle, whilst he and my father, in a boat that was concealed beneath the main arch of the bridge, unseen themselves, could watch the heap of stones where the money was to be placed, and the stolen pocket-book left in exchange for it. As soon as Tom Rocket, or any of his friends, removed the bag in which the gold was packed, Fraser was to whistle, and his men were to climb from their hiding places, and secure whoever it might be. If he leaped over the railing of the causeway, and took to the water, there was the boat in which to follow and capture him.

Mr. Fraser was very particular to practice his allies in springing quickly from their place of concealment, and in impressing upon them and my father the necessity of all acting together, keeping careful watch and strict silence. "And now, sir," he said to my father, as a distant clock chimed a quarter to twelve, "it's time to get to our places and to bait the trap, so please to hand me the bag that I may mark it, and some of the coins, so as to be able to identify them at the trial." He had made up his mind, you see, to nail master Tom this time.

My father gave him the bag, saw him write upon it, and make some scratches on about a dozen of the guineas, and then my father let himself down into the boat, in which he was immediately joined by the runner.

"It's all right," said Fraser, in a low tone.

"Do you think he will come?" whispered my father.

"Certain," replied Fraser, "but, hush! we must not talk, sir, time's up."

For three mortal hours did my father sit in that boat, and the runners lay stretched out on the broad of their backs upon those hurdles watching for Tom Rocket to come for his money; and for three mortal hours not a soul approached the bridge, not a sound but the wash of the swollen river was heard. By the time that the clock struck three, my father, who had been nodding for the last twenty minutes, fell fast asleep as he sat covered up in his cloak, for it was a bitter cold night; but was very speedily aroused by hearing Fraser cry out that they were adrift.

Adrift they were, sure enough. The rope that held them had been chafed against the sharp corner of a pile (so Mr. Fraser explained) till it broke, and away went the boat, whirling round and round in the eddies of the river, fit to make any one giddy. So strong was the stream that they were carried a mile and a half down it, before they could get ashore. My father was for returning directly to the bridge, and so was Fraser; but, somehow or other, they lost each other in the dark; and when my father arrived there, having run nearly all the way, he found, to his great surprise, that the officers had left. He rushed to the heap of stones, and there the first thing that caught his eye was his pocket-book—the money was gone!

Lord, how did he swear!

Determining to have it out with the runners for deserting their posts, he hurried on to the inn where they had met, and were to pass the night. He knocked at the door. No answer. He knocked again, louder. No answer. He was not in the very best of tempers, as you may guess; so he gave the door a big kick. In it flew: and a sight met his view that fairly took away his breath. Tied into five chairs

head and foot, trussed up like so many Christmas turkeys, with five gags in their five mouths, and their five pair of eyes glaring at him, owl-like, sat the real Mr. Fraser and his four Bow Street runners. Tom Rocket had managed the business at the bridge himself!

How he managed to get scent of the plot, and to seize the officers, all together, just at the nick of time, my father never could find out, and no one knows to this day.

Upon examining his pocket-book, my father found all his documents, and a paper on which was written these words:—

By destroying these writings I could have ruined you. In doing so, I should have injured your client, whom I respect. For his sake I keep your word, though you have played me false.

TOM ROCKET.

Here Mr. Josh paused, and smoked for some time in silence.

"And what became of Tom?" asked one of the company.

"Well," replied Mr. Josh, "after having been tried three times, and getting off upon some law quibble on each occasion, he—who had robbed the worth of thousands of pounds, and escaped—was executed at Nottingham for stealing an old bridle! And now I've done, gentlemen, all. I looks to—wards you."

So our worthy president "looked to—wards us," and finished his brandy-and-water at a gulp. Then, finding that the rain had given over, we thanked him for his story, and all adjourned to the bowling-green.

#### HOW WINTER COMETH TO PALACE AND HOVEL.

BY CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

He comes! The tardy Winter comes!  
I hear his footsteps through the Nights!  
I hear his vanguard from the heights  
March through the pines with muffled drums!

His naked feet are on the mead:  
The grass-blades stiffen in his path,  
No tear for child of Earth he hath!  
No pity for her tender seed!

The bare oaks shudder at his breath:  
A moment by the stream he stays—  
Its melody is mute! A glaze  
Creeps o'er its dimples, as of death!

From fettered stream, and blackened moor,  
The city's walls he silent nears:  
The mansions of the Rich he fears!  
He storms the cabins of the Poor!

The curtained couch, the glowing hearth,  
The frost-rimmed Greybeard's power defy:  
He curses as he hurries by—  
And strikes the Beggar, dead, to Earth!

For every gleaming hall he spares,  
A hundred hearthless hovels hold  
Hearts pulseless, crisp with ice and cold,  
Watched by a hundred grim Despairs!

The Forests grow by His command,  
Who saith, "He lendeth to the Lord  
Who giveth to the Poor!" Your hoard  
Is His! Ye stewards of the land!

Here is your Mission! Ye who feed  
Your lavish fires! Not afar, I  
But at your doors, your Heathen are!  
God's Poor—your creditors! Take heed!

The path is long to Pagan shores;  
Their skies are sunny: God o'er all!  
The Winter's deadly harvests fall  
Around you! Deal your Master's stores!

#### THE COST OF LIVING.

The bitter groan recently sent up, by the *Times* correspondent in New York, at the enormous cost of every kind of accommodation in that city, is worth noticing. The correspondent cannot fill every letter with reasons why Mr. Jefferson Davis should be ignominiously executed, and at the present season people are in a mood to be less interested in the gravest political difficulties than in those tepid discussions upon prices and incomes and rents which usually make their appearances about this time of the year. To be really enjoyable, the discussion should be confined to the question of prices and rents in St. John's Wood, or Bayswater, or South Kensington, or some similar quarters at home. But as the people who write autumnal letters on such matters have not yet brought the subject up, the American correspondent makes himself useful by talking about the state of things in New York. Put simply and pointedly, the expenses of living in that city are, "in truth, enough to ruin any man of moderate means." It would seem to be a fair inference from this that there is no class in New York which has moderate means. Everybody is either very rich or miserably poor, spending a fortune or sunk in squalor. And as all New Yorkers of moderate means are sure to be ruined, for the same reason no stranger has any business to visit New York with any ideas of economy about him. On coming to the few details by which this assertion is supported, a gleam of comfort enters the mind of anybody who means to visit New York and, at the same time, to take his ideas of economy along with him. Beef, it seems, cannot be got fit to eat under 1s. 3d., nor mutton under 1s. a pound. The only difference between New York and London in this respect is that here you may give almost the same price for beef and mutton which are *not* fit eat. Spring chickens are from 4s. 2d. to 6s. 4d. a pair (they are fully half as much again in London), and "champagne fit to drink is £1 per bottle." But is it usual for men of moderate means to live on spring chickens and champagne? So, when we are told that the charge for a vehicle less convenient than a London hansom is as much as 16s. 8d. an hour, it is to be remembered that an American of moderate means would never dream of hiring one of those vehicles, any more than a Londoner of moderate means would dream of driving about all day in a hired brougham with a pair of horses.

The truth is, that all over the world the enormous increase of wealth is placing the whole of the class who do not immediately participate in it in a novel, and by no means improved position. In New York, for example, the correspondent tells us that, according to the income tax list, which, by-the-way, is regularly published in the newspapers, it appears that many merchants in that city return their incomes as over £20,000 a year, while one actually makes a return of £260,000 a year. A city where men can afford the outlay in personal expenditure implied in such incomes as these is obviously a place where a man of moderate means is at a certain disadvantage. But the correspondent's groan from New York is only the echo of what may be heard in London, and to a less extent in Manchester, or



any other city where there is a large commercial class thriving and amassing great wealth, as well as another large class who are not in the wealth-producing groove. There is probably no city in the world where the groan is so bitter as it is in London, because there is no other city in which both the wealthy class and the educated but not wealthy class are so numerous, or where the wealthy have so much money to spend, and the educated so many expensive tastes which they would like to gratify. There are few more curious things about the stage which social arrangements have now reached than the increasing gulf between the incomes of the people who are immersed in commerce and the incomes of those who follow professions, and still occupy precisely the same general level in society as merchants and capitalists. The man with moderate means, which he is never likely to raise to anything more than moderate, simply because his calling precludes that rapid turning over of money and those large profits which are the secret of the merchant's opulence, finds himself more and more behindhand. The trader's income seems to go on growing in a geometrical ratio, while his own advance never gets beyond the arithmetical, even if his income does not, at a certain point, cease growing altogether, and remain stationary. The example of rich friends has an inevitable tendency to tempt anybody who is not rich, and who, besides having little money, has less wit, into a manner of living that is beyond his means. If he sees a man, who perhaps came from the same town and was brought up at the same school with himself, feeding on spring chickens and champagne, and driving about in a fly at sixteen shillings and eightpence an hour, he is apt to wonder why he too should not do the same, or at least as nearly the same as funds in hands and credit combined will permit.

Of course a wise man sees through the sophisms by which extravagant people excuse their extravagance. The great principle that the coat should be cut according to the cloth represents to him a perfectly satisfactory law of the universe. That people should not spend what they have not got, nor indeed all that they have got, is to the philosopher as simple and unobjectionable a rule of conduct as that they should not knock their heads against stone walls or throw themselves down precipices. But then there are a great many persons who look upon life from an altogether loftier ground. They base their whole set of views on the sublime idea of natural justice, and believe that, as nature has provided spring chickens, there is no reason why one man any more than another should forbear to eat them. The matter of the four shillings and twopence or six shillings and fourpence is not to the point. The spring chickens are in the market, and they would relish spring chickens, so they buy them. The same ingenious argument would, it is obvious, be an equally potent apology for burglary or embezzlement, or for any other form of cutting your coat out of your neighbor's cloth. But the shriek of the insolvent spendthrift, powerful as is the abstract reasoning by which he has defended his extravagance, does not excite much compassion. The squalor into which a man of refinement and intellectual culture subsides through neglect of such

an ignoble matter as weekly bills is a melancholy spectacle enough. Anything which indicates waste of force must always be melancholy, and there is nothing that wastes force so frightfully as the sordid embarrassment in which the man who has spent with too free a hand finds himself bound in the end. Still one cannot have much sympathy with the wretch who has deliberately thrown himself, and probably others as well, into the fatal slough of social despond. We lend him the required half-sovereign for a time or two, but with the full consciousness of doing a weak thing, and for the benefit of an eminently undeserving object.

But these are not the people to whom the increase of the riches of their neighbors is something like a burden. The vicinity of very wealthy persons to those who have only a comfortable income does not make the latter extravagant or land them in insolvency. It affects the margin of their income, making them spend what remains after meeting necessary expenses in a way in which, but for the example of those with margins ever so much wider than their own, they would never have thought of spending it. A man's character and the general complexion of his life are mostly decided by the use to which he puts his spare money. Within certain limits, his style of living fixes itself. That is to say, if a man has fifteen hundred a year, he does not rent a house in Belgrave Square, nor buy a great ancestral mansion in the country, with a park, and woods, and lakes and preserves. Given his income we could predict pretty accurately what quarter of the town he would live in, or, if he preferred rural life, what sort of a house he would have out of town. We know, too, that he will be pretty sure to give his children an education of a certain stamp, and to indulge himself and his family with something in the way of an annual holiday. The example of rich people does not much affect a sensible man in the matter of house-rent, or of his children's schooling, and not very powerfully in the duration or fashion of the autumn trip, which, for some reason or other, has come to be looked upon as being as much a matter of necessity as having a roof over one's head. It is when he begins to think what he shall do with the money which is left over and above the inevitable expenditure that the existence of men who return their incomes at ten or twenty thousand pounds weighs upon him. He knows very well that he cannot emulate the doings of such men, and he is not such a fool as to make the attempt. But the mere consciousness that he has a margin at all seems to place him to a certain extent in their class—in the class of people who have margins, and can afford to please themselves as to what they do with a snug fragment of their revenue.

It is not to be wondered at that, in the majority of cases, men of moderate means, though not emulating the expenditure of the rich, cannot help imitating it, and imitating it very often in those features which are least worth reproducing on a reduced scale. There is nothing, for instance, which a man of a sociable turn of mind relishes more keenly than to be able to practice the excellent virtue of hospitality. A house full of pleasant guests who know and like one another, and have plenty of intelligent interests and tastes

in common, is delightful to think about. To entertain them in due style and to surround them with all sorts of good and pleasant things, is a genuine luxury. But it is not a cheap luxury. It implies a large house and many servants, and a tolerable cook, and a tolerable cellar. The professional man appreciates all this as intensely as anybody else, and when he discovers that it is beyond his reach, while the number of those who find it within their reach is yearly increasing, the smallness of his margin is a burden and a vexation to him. Perhaps the end of it is that he either affects a kind and amount of hospitality which is more than he can fairly compass, and wastes what he has to spare in stupid and uncomfortable efforts after munificence and grandeur, or else, because he cannot afford champagne at the New York price of a guinea a bottle, he declines to ask his friends to the more modest vintages of Bordeaux. So, like the *Times*' correspondent, he groans and curses the fate of the man with moderate means. Then others covet their rich neighbor's horses and carriages. The carriages are more gorgeous, and the horses of a better breed each year, as the capital turns itself over and profits wax fatter. And just in proportion do the horses of the poor man seem to become more weedy, and his trap more mean. The margins will not keep any sort of pace together. And so the moderate man, as he sees the splendid mounts and superb turn-outs, if he has any sourness in him, comes actually to hate his single hunter and his hack and his brougham. Or, if he does not hate what goods he has because they are not the best, at all events he is aware of the widening gulf between the enjoyments he can have and those which have fallen to the lot of men who started as low down as he did. He thinks that everything has become dearer than it used to be, that life is a more costly business than he was once wont to fancy it. The simple truth is, that wealth and wealthy people have increased. A more costly standard has been reached. A moderate man's wants have spread more extensively into the region of costly commodities. Long ago the price of champagne would scarcely have concerned him more than the price of diamonds and emeralds concerns him now. But men with whom he associates, and who return their income at five or ten thousand a year, do not shrink from paying heavy prices for their wine. Insensibly he is led into the way of looking at things in a certain measure from their point of view. He is wise enough not to launch out with them in purchasing expensive luxuries, but he bemoans what he considers the growing expense of living like a gentleman. It would be more correct to say that the notion of what constitutes this sort of life has grown. Whether this growth has been altogether in a desirable direction is a very different question.

Messrs. LEE and SHEPARD, Boston, will publish, to-day, "The Bushrangers, a Yankee's Adventures during his Second Visit to Australia," by Mr. W. H. Thomas; and, also, a new edition of "The Gold Hunter's Adventures, or Life in Australia," by the same author. The "Gold Hunter's Adventures" has had an immense sale, and the orders already received for "The Bushrangers" will exhaust the first issue.



## THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1893.

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:

*From Dwight's Journal of Music.*

The N Y SATURDAY PRESS is one of the liveliest and sandest of our exchanges.

*From the Boston Recorder.*

We know of no literary journal, either in this country or in England, which, on the whole, we should prefer to it; and we heartily commend it to all who desire to keep themselves acquainted with the issues of the American and English press, and other current matters in literature.

*From the New York Sunday Courier.*

The SATURDAY PRESS contains wit enough, and good writing enough to entitle it to a hearty support from all the cultivated and right-thinking classes.

*From the N. Y. Sunday Times.*

It is edited with much sprightliness and ability. Its dramatic feuilleton is particularly lively. Altogether, we hold the SATURDAY PRESS and its specialities as a real addition to the best newspaper literature of the day.

*From the Ohio State Journal.*

When you take up the SATURDAY PRESS—if you are so fortunate as to be a subscriber to that paper—you seldom lay it down again till you have read the last word. It is the best of papers.

*From the New York Dispatch.*

We want our readers distinctly to understand that the N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS is the most saucy, clever, independent, and piquant literary weekly now or ever published anywhere. For our own part, we are free to confess that we take up no paper with more eagerness, and peruse none of our exchange list, which is over larger with half as much satisfaction as the SATURDAY PRESS. Nay, we would willingly pay fifty cents a copy rather than do without it. It is the paper for intelligent and independent people.

*From the Philadelphia Bulletin.*

The raciest and most independent of all the weeklies.

*From the Boston Transcript.*

It is one of the live weekly journals of the country, and we observe that the English literary journals make copious extracts from it.

We hear that the Fenians are about to contract a loan. Certificates of stock will be issued in sums varying from one to five dollars, redeemable a year after the establishment of Irish independence. These certificates will be considered a legal tender among the brotherhood, and will go by the name of Ivy-Green-backs. Millions of dollars of the loan will doubtless be taken, at once, and we beg to recommend the investment to our distinguished visitors, Sir Morton Peto & Co. The English are fond of fancy stocks, and this is a capital chance for them.

According to a morning paper, one of the results of the visit of Sir Morton Peto and party to this country will be "the shortening of the distance on the New York and Erie Road about seventy miles!" How this miracle is to be wrought we are not told, but while Sir Peto & Co. are about it we wonder if they couldn't do something towards lessening the distance between England and America.

The CLIPPER says that "Madame Celeste made her first appearance in this country in Philadelphia, March 18, 1838, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, and danced two pas seuls, the first composed expressly for her by Mons. Barbere in a splendid Turkish costume to the favorite air of 'The Dashing White Sergeant.' A picture of the Monsieur composing under such circumstances would be worth seeing.

A WISOME YOUTH.—John Morrissey.

We learn from Washington that the next great gunboat match will take place while the vessels are on the stocks. The sportsmen in town, taking a hint from the Navy Department, are about to institute a match between two celebrated foot-racers, the object being to see which of them can stand still the longest.

Somebody asked Bennett the other day, if in his trouble with Maretzek he hadn't got himself into a box. "No, indeed," replied Bennett, "I wish I had!"

Some of our Scotch residents, not to be outdone by the Irish, are about to form themselves into a secret society under the name of "The Caledonians." The intention is to have it composed exclusively of Pict men.

"A Traveller" wishes us to explain what sense there is, just now, in the term "rail-road securities," seeing that there is no security on any of the rail-roads. We can't do it.

We saw several young ladies at the opera the other night with something very like a waterfowl on their heads: we don't know but that, on the whole, we prefer the waterfall.

## DRAMATIC FEUILLETON.

BY FIGARO.

I feel so joyous this week, Mr. Editor, that I could almost embrace mine enemy.

McArone won't believe it, but I positively feel young again.

Don't flatter yourself, now, that it is because of the great success of our brave little sheet, for that, in my mind, was a matter of course from the start.

Ask BRENTANO if I didn't tell him that in less than a month he would sell more numbers of the PRESS than of all the other Saturday papers put together.

Not that this is much to your credit, seeing how little you have to compete with, only the fact is worth noting.

But, as I said, it isn't this little triumph of yours which makes me so joyous this week, although that may have something to do with it.

No, Mr. Editor, but in common with the entire public, I am exhilarated almost beyond expression at the splendid state of things at the opera, and nearly every other place of amusement in town, since, with so much fear and trembling, they broke loose from the HERALD.

Thank heaven, all their fears were groundless, and they had no cause to tremble except with delight.

The people, with one accord, have hastened to congratulate them on their deliverance, while the HERALD, broken-spirited and impotent, appeals against them in vain, and takes its little revenge by publishing articles which even its own compositors are ashamed to put in type.

Never was revolution so sudden or so complete.

An infamous sheet, which but yesterday was considered a power, finds to-day no one so poor as to do it homage—nay, finds no one so poor as not to do it dis-homage.

You will remember, my dear PRESS, that I predicted all this last week.

Bennett, it seems, however, had no fear of it. He had been "crooking the fragrant hinges of the knee" to the theatres from the time that the opera broke loose from him and had no doubt that "thrift would follow fawning" even with the class of people whom he had been blackmailing and blackguarding for twenty years.

Why on earth didn't he think of his last year's experience with Miss Kellogg, whom, after defaming for weeks, he afterwards (seeing that the public took up her cause) commenced to praise with the only result of finding his eulogiums considered even more insulting than his attacks.

If the theatre managers had allowed themselves to be tricked by his gross truckling to them, after he had been so completely routed by Maretzek, they would have become hardly less contemptible than himself.

But fortunately they were no such men.

They might, indeed, have acted more promptly than they did, but "discretion" is sometimes the "better part of valor."

They chose to bide their time; and the moment another member of their profession (Barnum) was made the victim of the HERALD's insolence and greed, they came up to the mark, without further ado, and threw the dirty sheet overboard.

Excuse me, Mr. Editor, but I can think of nothing else.

A delusion has been destroyed which for years beclouded the whole city.

At home and abroad it is now settled, once for all, that the influence of the HERALD is less than the least of all our journals.

This is so creditable alike to the morals and the intelligence of the metropolis that the event ought to be celebrated by a general illumination.

It has been celebrated, however, in another way.

All the week the people have rushed to the opera, to the theatres, to the Museum, etc., in unwonted multitude, and manifested an enthusiasm at the moral downfall of the HERALD, which nothing could repress.

Before the performances and after—in the lobbies and everywhere—nothing else was talked of.

Little or nothing mattered it what was sung or what was played.

For my own part, I hardly knew.

I have been everywhere and seen everything, but can report only that the one all-absorbing matter of interest was the fact that the Satanic sheet, which for nearly a quarter of a century has exercised such a fearful influence over all our places of amusement, is utterly shorn of its strength and, so far as any power it can exert, lies hopeless and friendless in the dust.

It is impossible to put this fact in too great a variety of shapes.

The importance of it to our citizens, of whatever calling, cannot be over-stated.

All other subjects sink beside it into blank insignificance.

It has been mortifying enough to know that in other cities, at home and abroad, a paper like the HERALD should be considered of any consequence among us; but that any of our own people should have thought so (and should have acted on the idea, as in the case of the managers), is the most humiliating incident in



the history of the city—as it would be in the history of any city.

In Europe, it has been the custom for years, with the enemies of this country, to quote the *HERALD* in proof not only of the low state of our national press, but of the still lower state of our national morals.

Well, they will possibly go on quoting it with the same view; but meantime the fact has gone abroad that here, where the *HERALD* is published and known, so great is the contempt felt for it, among all decent people, that it only needed the movement of one man in the matter to cause a demonstration against the sheet unparalleled in the annals of journalism.

I know, too well, Mr. Editor, how little what I have written has to do, in one sense, with what has been going on in the way of amusements during the week; but then, on the other hand, I know, in another sense, how much it has to do with it, and I have acted accordingly.

Moreover, like the public, I have been too much interested in the great anti-*HERALD* jubilee going on all over the city to take careful note of anything but that.

If I have been to Opera, or to Theatre, to Museum or to Minstrel saloon, it has been solely to be convinced through my own eyes and ears, that what we have all hoped for so long is really accomplished.

And now that there can be no doubt about it—now that the reign of terror under which the *HERALD* has contrived (by black mail, etc.) to keep all our managers for so long a period, is really over—I really have no heart to write on any other topic.

I must even refer you to the advertisements for what is going on in the way of amusements next week.

I wanted to say something special about De Walden's "Sam," with which the week will open at the Broadway, but it is as well, after all, perhaps, that I should first see it!

I will say, however, in advance, that I have been to two or three of the rehearsals of the piece, and that if either Mr. Chanfrau or Miss Logan is half as good in it before a full house as before a few straggling interlopers like myself, you may look for what the elegant author calls "a big thing."

And, by the way, I wonder everybody didn't go to Miss Logan's readings last Monday and Tuesday at Irving Hall.

I assure you, on better authority than mine—and I was there despite the *HERALD* excitement—that they were exquisite.

George Arnold ought to have been there to see how good his "Jolly Pedagogue" is—when read by a pretty woman!

And speaking of pretty women, do go to the Olympic next week, and see Miss Rushton when she plays in something besides "Lolah;" and also to the Winter Garden, and see Rose Eytinge as Florence Trenchard in "Our American Cousin."

The "American Cousin" performance, by the way, is a very attractive one throughout. Clarke is superb as Asa Trenchard, and Mr. Anderson's imitation of Sothorn's Dundreary is all but perfect.

Notice, too (apropos of pretty women again), that one of the minor parts—Emily—is very artistically played by Miss Kate Morton, who is a comparative novice.

Peter's Binney you remember of old; there is nothing better of its kind on the stage.

Finally, Mr. Editor,—making all apologies to my operatic and theatrical friends for apparent neglect—I must draw this wandering Feuilleton to a close.

The only thing that *must* be added is that Artemus Ward, who has given two entertainments during the week in Brooklyn, has decided, owing to his recent successes, not to go to England for the present, and that the Hanlons, who, according to the Almanac were to have been in New York about this time, have decided to postpone their visit till the return of William Hanlon, who has just gone to Europe to engage several new celebrities.

All of which being respectfully submitted, I remain, Mr. Editor,

Yours truly,

FIGARO.

UNGRATEFUL.—The *HERALD*'s attack on Henry Ward Beecher for opposing the doctrine of endless punishment.

The Embassy from the Bey of Tunis has just made a visit to the Bay of New York, and very much regrets that the Bay of New York cannot pay a visit to the Bey of Tunis.

If the principle of "manhood suffrage," in the strict sense of the word manhood, should be adopted in New York, the curious in such matters would take no little interest in noting how much it would diminish the metropolitan vote.

MEAN TIME.—The time of the City Hall clock.

THE MOST NATURAL ABBREVIATION OF CITY OFFICIAL.—City Off'al.

FENIAN MOTTO.—Erin, go bray!

A few weeks ago it was announced that the *HERALD* was about to build on the ruins of the Museum: it looks more likely, now, that the Museum will build upon the ruins of the *HERALD*.

(For the Saturday Press.)

ADAPTED FROM MAROT.

When young I loved, for youth so swiftly flies,  
I had no time but for love's ecstasies;  
And when with riper years cool judgment came,  
I loved, for reason kindled fresh the flame.  
Now I am old, the time for pleasure passed,  
Yet still I find my happiness to last,  
For still I love, and love consoles me yet,  
What could console me, should I love forget?

D. D.

MARS ON APOLLO.—Sir Lascelles Wrexall, Bart, in "Scraps and Sketches gathered Together," relates the following anecdote respecting Goethe:

"As a delicious intermezzo, we may remark that Goethe, who had come to the Prussian headquarters as a commissary for Weimar,—a tall, handsome man, always dressed in a court suit, powdered, with a hair-bag and dress-sword, who looked like a minister—was only a 'fellow' in the sight of the old Prussian Junkers. An old corpulent major, who marched with his battalion into Weimar, joined a party at a wine-house. A young officer asked him whether he had good quarters. 'Well, well, decent. I am with one Goethe or Gothe—deuce take me if I know the fellow's name.'—Ah it must be the celebrated Goethe.'—It may be so: yes, it may be. I felt the fellow's teeth, and he seems to me to have flies in his head."

## AMUSEMENTS.

### ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA.  
DIRECTOR.....MAX MARETZKE.  
MONDAY EVENING, Oct. 9th and 8 o'clock,  
will be presented Verdi's most popular opera,  
IL TROVATORE.

MME. CAROZZI ZUCCHI,

MDLLE. B. DE ROSSE,

(Her First appearance)

SIGNOR MAZZOLENI,

SIGNOR BELLINI,

Conductor.....Mr. CARL BERGMANN  
On TUESDAY Evening, Oct. 10,  
I PURITANI.

MISS CLARA LOUISA KELLOGG,

SIGNOR E. IRFRE,

SIGNOR BELLINI,

SIGNOR ANTONUCCI,

Conductor.....Signor TURIANI  
THURSDAY, Oct. 12—OPERA IN BROOKLYN.  
ERNANI.

In active preparation,

CRISPINO E LA COMARE.

Reserved Seats and Tickets can now be had at the regular ticket-offices.

### PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY

OF NEW YORK.

24th SEASON—1865-1866.

The concerts of the season will take place as usual at the

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

under the sole direction of

CARL BERGMANN.

The first public rehearsal will take place

SATURDAY, Oct. 7, at 3 o'clock, P. M.,

when the following pieces will be rehearsed:

SCHUMANN—Symphony No. 4, in D minor.

LIEST—Poème Symphonique, "Mazeppa."

BEETHOVEN—Overture Leonore, No. 3.

For circulars apply at all the principal music-stores.

Subscriptions received at Scharfberg & Lutz, No. 755

Broadway, and Beer & Schirmer's, No. 701 Broadway.

WM. SCHARFENBERG, President

L. SPIER Secretary

### NIBLO'S GARDEN.

Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY

SATURDAY, Oct. 6, 1865:

GRAND MATINEE, 2 P. M.

THE GREAT RAVELS.

GABRIEL RAVEL,

ANTOINE RAVEL,

YOUNG AMERICA.

The screaming pantomime entitled

THE FOUR LOVERS,

Bebe, a Comic character... ..Gabriel Ravel

Milford, Lead... ..Antoine Ravel

AND YOUNG AMERICA,

ON THE THREE FLYING TRAPEZES!

PHILIPPE, JULIAN and PAUL MARTINETTI

as the THREE ATHLETES,

THE ROUGH DIAMOND,

Mr. and Mrs. Gomersal and the Dramatic Company.

In the EVENING AT 7 P. M.

VOL-AU-VENT (first time)

Young America, Gabriel Ravel, and the Full Company

A NEW GRAND BALLET.

THE NYMPHS AND THE BUTTERFLY.

SIGNORINA PETITA, MON. VAN HAMME, and the Full Troupe.

Sichorean Corps. GRACEFUL GROUPINGS. A COMIC PRELUDE.

MONDAY, First Night of

BIANCO.

Entirely new Scenery, Appointments, Costumes, &c.

Doors open at 7 P. M., commencing at 7 P. M.

Admission 75 cts. Reserved Seats \$1. Family Circle, (entrance on Crosby street) 30 cents.

### WALLACK'S.—

Proprietor and Manager.....Mr. LESTER WALLACK

Saturday, THE SERF,

Monday, first time here, a very attractive Drama,

MIRIAM'S CRIME.

Never acted here; a brilliant petite Comedy, by Selby,

KING AND COMEDIAN.

Mr. Mark Smith, Mr. W. Holston, and Mr. Young will

appear, for the first time this season, in these entertain-

ments, which will be given with Beautiful and Appropriate

Scenery, Costumes, &c., and will include in their casts

nearly all the favorite members of the Company.

Monday, THE DOUBLE GALLANT,

Wednesday, MIRIAM'S CRIME and

KING AND COMEDIAN.

Thursday, THE SERF.

### OLYMPIC THEATRE.—

Sole Lessee and Manageress.....Mrs. John Wood.

Stage Manager.....J. H. Selwyn.

SATURDAY EVENING, October 7th,

LAST NIGHT

of

LOLAH,

MONDAY EVENING, Oct. 9th,

MISS LUCY RUSHTON,

will appear as

ROSALIND,

in Shakespeare's Beautiful Comedy entitled

"AS YOU LIKE IT."

Doors open at 7 P. M. Performance commences at 7 P. M.

### GRAND NATIONAL EXHIBITION,

OF THE

AMERICAN INSTITUTE.

now held at the

ARMORY, FOURTEENTH ST., near 6th ave, New York

MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY OF INVENTIONS,

MACHINEERY IN MOTION,

MANUFACTURES,

PAINTINGS, FRUITS, FLOWERS, &c.

Open daily from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.



(For the Saturday Press.)  
**"OWED TO AUTUMN."**

Round us Autumn winds are sighing  
 Like a mateless maid;  
 Happy birds are seaward flying,  
 All their notes are paid.

Trees are waxing very dry for  
 Now they stand in dole,  
 Wearily they pine and sigh for  
 Summer's "flowing bole."

Sounding thro' the hazy woodlands,  
 Fall the nuts about:  
 Nature from her fair and good hands,  
 Now is shelling out.

Bees have ceased their drowsy humming:  
 Blows the fitful gust;  
 Breezes on the roads are coming  
 Down with their dust.

Lawns are rich in gaudy raiment,  
 Hills in purple plumes;  
 Once again his specie payment  
 Banker Year resumes.

Nothing opulent the scene lacks,  
 Leaves, around us rolled,  
 Are the season's lavish greenbacks,  
 Changed now into gold.

GEORGE COOPER.

**WHERE? THERE, AND THERE-  
 AFTER!**

BY S. LANGLEY.

CHAPTER I. WHERE?

An omnibus is passing along a road in the neighborhood of London.

"Potamus street, Jack!"

Jack pulls up his horses at the place indicated, and a tall, active-looking old gentleman, with a profusion of gray hair and a pair of remarkably bright blue eyes, steps into the road, and turns quickly into Hippopotamus street. He is evidently on the lookout for something, or somebody, for as he goes along he keeps turning his eyes alternately to the shop-windows on either side of the way. He reaches the end of the street, seemingly without attaining the object of his search. He wheels round, and retraces his steps. Presently he comes to a dead-stop before a fishmonger's shop. Its proprietress, the Widow Robinson, a corpulent and cantankerous-looking person, is engaged in sprinkling fresh water upon her stale soles, to the manifest improvement of their appearance in general, and of the orange spots on their backs in particular.

"Perhaps you will be kind enough to inform me where Miss Smith, the milliner, resides?" asks the stranger, in a conciliatory tone, which not more than one woman in a thousand could have resisted.

"Drat the fish!" exclaims the one in a thousand, giving a savage push to an unfortunate half-dead-and-alive lobster, which had contrived to jerk itself a little out of its assigned position.

The stranger repeats the question. Then, and only then, does the savor of soles turn round and survey the questioner. She gives a sudden start. What can be the matter with the woman? At last she finds what the neighbors say she is rarely in want of—her tongue.

"You're inquiring arter Smith, the dressmaker?"

"Please."

"I'm told there's a party o' that name a livin' hereabouts, but I can't inform you where. *Better ask the pleaceman!*"

This in the gruffest of tones, and the last words accompanied by a glance of peculiar meaning.

The stranger looks round, but sees not the official referred to. He smiles, and walks on. Mrs. Robinson soliloquizes bitterly:

"He's here for no good, that there man. I wonder where's that blessed pleaceman?"

With unusual interest in the movements of that functionary, she keeps her eyes at the same time rivetted on the door of the pastry-cook's shop, through which the stranger has just disappeared.

Let us peep after him. At the moment of his entry, blooming Mary Pattypan happens to be engaged in ascertaining the weight of a loaf for a customer. She hastily flings a piece of bread into the scale as a make-weight, then slips the loaf into the woman's basket, and the money into the till, and in the twinkling of an eye, having wiped her hands in her tasteful little apron, and pushed back her hair, she turns towards the stranger with a pleasant smile upon her rosy lips.

He inquires after the milliner.

"Four doors further up at the other side, where you see the great sycamore-tree!"

Just as Miss Mary arrives at the word "tree," something about the stranger's face seems particularly to attract her notice. Her voice quivers, and her color becomes perceptibly heightened; she looks downwards, bites her lip, and seems to have no little difficulty in preventing her smile from broadening into the preliminaries of a laugh. The old gentleman looks sharply at her.

"Why, that's a stationer's shop!" he rejoins; "I passed it not two minutes ago."

"Ah, but Miss Smith has lately given up the millinery, and gone into the news line!"

"Oh, indeed! I thank you. Good-day!"

And the bright-eyed old gentleman raises his hat, and the fair pastry-cook performs an elaborate salute, which would have done credit to one of her Majesty's maids of honor. She does not lift her eyes, however, until his back is turned, and then, positively, they are dancing in tears, and she is attempting to smother a hearty laugh with a dazlingly white cambric pocket-handkerchief.

CHAPTER II. THERE.

Crossing the little street with the big Greek name, the old gentleman walks on a few paces, and then, passing under the fine old sycamore-tree, with its dark drapery of ivy, enters the stationer's shop; and bright eyes are upon him, I can tell you. Pretty Miss Pattypan, ignoring the existence of a small boy who has just crept from the door to the counter, is looking anxiously over the way.

There's the Widow Robinson, too, has altogether forgotten her soles, and stands a fixture at the door of the Piscatorial Repository. What's that? Can it be possible? Why, there's the venerable stranger chatting and laughing across the counter with the demure little milliner. Worse still remains behind! The lady and gentleman leave the shop to take care of itself, and entering the little parlor beyond, are lost to sight!

"Dear me, how very funny!" ejaculates Miss Pattypan.

"I wish that pleaceman'd come by," cries the fishwife. "The street isn't safe till that man's in the station-house. And as for that dressmaker—" The fishwife was at a loss for terms of abuse, and could only perspire in her helpless perplexity.

CHAPTER III. THEREAFTER!

Even while the words I have just recorded are falling from the lips of the pretty pastry-cook and the unlovely fishwife, our friend, the old gentleman, is creeping noiselessly up the stairs of the milliner's house. On reaching the first landing-place, he turns at the right-hand side, towards a door which happens to be slightly ajar. Through the aperture this inquisitive old fellow instantaneously casts those bright blue eyes of his. He keeps them in that position! Well, there is certainly some excuse for that lingering gaze. Let us peep into the room! At a small, circular table, near the fire-place, sits a young lady in deep mourning, and with a face such as few persons could look on without interest. Her age might be two or three-and-twenty. Her figure is slight and graceful, and she has a very prettily-shaped head, adorned with the richest, darkest brown hair you ever saw. Her features are charmingly regular, but her face is quite colorless. Her eyes you cannot see, for they are intently fixed on some needlework upon which her fingers are busily employed.

All at once she heaves a deep sigh, and lets the work fall from her hands.

The old gentleman, who has now drawn quite close to the door, seems strangely affected by these movements.

"Egad, I believe it's crying I am!" whimpers the sentimental old goose, wiping off a tear with the back of his hand.

Then she raises her fair head, and you see a pair of large, loving brown eyes, surpassingly beautiful in shape and color, but with the mournfullest expression imaginable.

There is a portfolio on the table, and the young creature turns it over as though she were looking for some particular page. She pauses. She has found what she sought for, as you may guess by that sweet, sad smile. The old gentleman is wonderfully excited by all this.

"The darling little soul; how I do long to eat her up!" murmurs the horrid old cannibal.

By this time he has got very nervous indeed, and is unconsciously fiddling with the door-handle, which happens to be a flexible one. Suddenly he gives it a violent jerk, and he has now no option but either to advance, or to sneak off. He taps at the door.

"Come in!" from the gentlest, sweetest voice in the universe.

The old gentleman advances and bows. The young lady rises with a graceful inclination of the head.

"I beg pardon for intruding, madam, but—"

This in a very hoarse voice; in such marked contrast, indeed, to the speaker's tones either at the pastry-cook's or the fishmonger's, that one is tempted into believing that he has suddenly caught a very bad cold.

"Pray don't mention it, sir," says a soft, kind voice. "Pray don't mention it, sir," repeat two sweet brown eyes, belonging to the owner of that pleasant voice.



The person thus addressed responds to the lady's gentle words in tones still hoarser than before.

"In excuse, madam, let me state that—I'm the bear—bearer of a mes—message from—"

O dear, what can the matter be? Surely the young lady's bewitched! What a change in the expression of that beautiful face! Falcon never shot forth a more piercing glance than is now emitted from those soft, dove-like eyes. She steps hurriedly forward. The old gentleman rushes to meet her. She utters a little cry.

"Harry!"

"Georgy!"

The next moment his arms are wound tightly round her. He presses her warmly to his bosom. Their lips meet, and the touch is assuredly not an uncertain one. Then she looks at him through eyes blinded with happy tears. He fondly passes his hand over her rich brown hair, and kisses her eyes and forehead several times. For some minutes scarce a word is spoken. At length Georgy, wiping the tears from her eyes, looks again into the old gentleman's face. With a silvery laugh she starts from his arms, and taking him by the hand, leads him before the mirror. What a picture! A whisker, large, bushy, and of the badger's hue, has all but fallen from the visitor's right jaw, and a very notable gray wig, of dimensions almost gigantic, has slipped quite to one side; while a profusion of bright brown hair, with an invincible tendency to curl, has resumed its rightful position. Another second, and off goes the wig, yea, flies to the other end of the room, and young Harry Albright's himself again, and the reader knows the cause of the pastrycook's merriment and the fishwife's suspicions.

While the lovers are putting and answering questions—now talking sadly of the dead, now discussing little plans for the future—at this crisis it is my duty to explain matters.

Harry Albright and Georgina Sinclair had been attached to each other from babyhood. Harry, when a mere infant, had lost both his parents, and become altogether dependent on a wealthy but peevish old uncle. Georgia's father, a lieutenant in the navy, had died when she was but a little girl, leaving his widow and child unprovided for, save by the pittance doled out by a generous government to the relics of deceased officers. Mrs. Sinclair, who had been acquainted in early life with Harry's father, took a deep interest in the poor boy's fate. As he grew up, he manifested such sterling qualities that he quite wound himself round her heart; and had he been her own son, she could scarcely have loved him better. She regarded with an approving eye and a thankful spirit the tender affection which subsisted between her daughter and Harry; and the course of these young people's true love would in all likelihood have run on with the most delightful smoothness, had it not been for that terrible *res augusta domi*—the rock upon which so many fond hearts have been wrecked. Harry, at an early age, had been placed by his uncle in an attorney's office, with a plain intimation from that relative that nothing further was to be expected at his hands. On attaining the age of eighteen, the poor fellow found himself in the receipt of a splendid salary of fifteen shillings per week, with the magnificent prospect

before him of being able, after ten more years of toil and moil, to earn double that very fine income hebdomadally. Strange to relate, Harry began to get very discontented with his present position and probable future. He looked about him in all directions, and at last determined on taking a bold step. Just then news had reached Europe of the discovery of the new El Dorado; and one sunny morning our hero kissed the tears out of Georgina's eyes, received the poor widow's blessing, and shouldering his knapsack, set off sturdily for the gold fields of the far West. Amongst the young man's brightest anticipations, was the prospect of soon being able to surround with substantial comforts that generous old friend who had been more than a mother to him. Alas! he was destined never more to behold that kind old face! Mrs. Sinclair died suddenly a few months after his departure from England. At first Harry fared but indifferently in his mining operations; but he corresponded regularly with Georgina, and always wrote cheerfully as to what the future had in store for them both; insisting on the absolute certainty of his ultimately scraping together enough to make them comfortable all their days. While writing in this fashion, the poor fellow was half-starving himself, in order that he might forward occasional remittances to his wife elect, who, since her mother's death, had been mainly dependent for a livelihood on small sums obtained for executing jobs in fancy work, and for giving lessons in French and music. Towards the close of the second year, however, Harry lighted upon a large vein of the precious metal, and by a few months of hard labor secured a competence for life. The work completed, he sailed for England. Now, young Albright was one of those good, kind souls, who delight above all things in giving people pleasant surprises, and had not written to let Georgy know that he was coming back.

Some little time before he quitted the gold regions, his beloved, having been promised some pupils in the neighborhood of Hippopotamus street, had shifted her quarters thither, and written to let her lover know. But by the day her letter had traversed the ocean, Harry was half-way home. On reaching London, and inquiring for Georgina at her old lodgings, he was directed to the little milliner's. The number of the house they had forgotten. A sudden thought now struck Harry, and, repairing to Bow street, he promptly arrayed himself in a gray wig, gray whiskers, and other disguises. On ferreting out Miss Smith, he revealed to her the little plot he had concocted; and the kind little soul, entering cordially into the working out thereof, pushed under the wig the bright stray curls which had already bewildered "Potmus" street, and gently opening the parlor door, silently motioned the conquering hero up-stairs. [I think that I have now, with the most painstaking minuteness, cleared up every scrap of mystery—completely disentangled every thread.]

Let me state, in conclusion, that the young pair—a few incidents in whose history I have been doing my poor best to put on paper—were married within a month of the events I have recorded. Furthermore, that the union was a most felicitous one. And, lastly, that I, who have the honor and happiness to be numbered amongst their friends, have again

and again enjoyed a hearty laugh with Mr. Albright and his admirable wife, over the details of the great and terrible "wiggling" administered by him to the petticoated denizens of Hippopotamus street on the afternoon of the ever-memorable third of May, eighteen hundred and fifty-one.

#### BOHEMIANISM IN NEW YORK.

[A late English periodical startles its home readers and amuses its readers on this side the water, with the following article which to us New Yorkers is equal to anything in *PUNCH*.]

It is said that the fast men of New York are chiefly recruited from the churches and chapels of Old and New England, and that French and German Bohemians go there to become respectable. Certain it is that New York is, next to Paris, the grand Bohemian capital of the world. There is, indeed, one considerable Bohemian club, unless the war has by this time scattered it. They had a remarkably clever newspaper, called the SATURDAY PRESS, which covered its first page with translations from the French, chiefly from Balzac, and found a plausible defence for everything that society condemned. It died because man can not live on snapping-turtle alone. A bright and beautiful woman—ADA CLARE by name—was the finest writer on the paper, and was the recognized queen of the New York Bohemia. Their ordinary assemblages were in Pfaff's wine-cellar on Broadway, where a friend of theirs once took me to see them. He pointed out to me a merry fellow with pipe and mug, and a remarkably free tongue, as the one who (to use his own words) "does up the sternly virtuous" for a certain important daily; another who was sneering vigorously at every human institution, was, I was assured, a salaried denouncer of all innovations whatever in the leading conservative newspaper of the State. They all smoked pipes and drank much, and had their hair cut close to their heads after the style of the P. R. They were disposed to chaff every stranger who came into the cellar until he had contributed something to the amusement of the company. One poor fellow came in with an ingeniously ugly new-fashioned wide-awake. The hat was coolly requested by one and another for criticism: one eloquent Bohemian arose and expatiated upon the faults of the hat. At length the owner of it arose and said:

"Gentlemen, that hat has one good quality which ought to commend it and its owner to your regard."

"What is it, what is it?" cried all.

"It isn't paid for," replied the fellow gravely; and thereupon he was embraced by all with enthusiasm. Another visitor was called on for a story, a speech—something, they did not care what. He fought against it for a long time, but at length agreed to tell them of a very witty retort which John Randolph had made upon Henry Clay. It was, he said, during the great Tariff debates of over thirty years ago in Congress. The narrator then went into some account of the condition of parties at the time, and the state of the country, all of which were necessary to understand the point of retort. After going on for seven or eight minutes in this style, the speaker said that it was under these circumstances that Randolph, meeting Clay on the Capitol steps made the witty remark to which he alluded



He then sat down with gravity. "But the retort—the *bon mot*—what was that?" cried the company. "I very much regret, gentlemen," said the young man, with feeling, "that I have entirely forgotten the reply of Mr. Randolph; but I assure you it was one of the wittiest things he ever said!" The groans which followed this "sell," were loud enough to bring a policeman from the streets.

A majority of the large company seated at Pfaff's tables were men connected with newspapers, though there were many artists also. Some of those habitués of the Bohemian Club have since become widely known as writers and painters, but nearly all of them wielded an important influence through the press. Can it be due to this that there is such an evident dash of Bohemianism in everything and almost everybody in and about New York? Bohemianism is social scepticism. There is in New York no great social conviction—positive or negative—but a suspense of faith. The Past is notoriously not there: a Catholic or a Protestant Episcopal member, or a dissenter of any school, meaning to go to New York, had best make the most of his church before starting: it will be only the ghost of the familiar creed or sermon that he will find there. And he shall find, also, that the ethical systems and social fortresses which correspond to those creeds and churches, and which elsewhere are preserved long after their co-ordinate theoretical ideas are abandoned, begin to be weakened in that metropolis. There are men of power there who, in their questionings and tendencies, remind one of the "Reformers before the Reformation," and many odd societies which are anticipating and preparing the path for a social Luther, who shall lead a great Protestant crusade against all institutions inherited from the Old World. For Bohemianism there differs from that of London or Paris by being more in earnest.

(From the London Saturday Review)

#### THE FENIANS.

There is probably not a nation in the world, except the United States, which does not delight in calling itself old. What the special gratification may be in asserting this claim to antiquity is not always very obvious, but there is no doubt about the fact. Most Englishmen would plead guilty to a pleasant titillation of the nerves on hearing the phrase Old England. There is perhaps something intelligible in the complacent feelings with which a man may recall the history of his country when it has played a respectable part in the annals of the world; but the boast of a hoary old age is not confined to prosperous and well-to-do communities. Let the whole past existence of a nation be a tissue of wrongs endured and inflicted, an unbroken catalogue of miseries and crimes, and still it seems to soothe the minds of patriots to dwell half-unconsciously on the ugly reminiscence. The strongest example of this dominant passion is where a people gradually emerging by honest effort from the gloom and barbarism of a wretched history still has a sort of hankering love for the evil which is slowly disappearing, and prefers looking back to a joyless past to looking forward to a hopeful future. After all that has been said or can be said about the condition of Ireland, it is quite impossible to compare any

two epochs, twenty or even ten years apart, without seeing the signs of unmistakeable progress. But it is a rare thing for an Irishman to console himself with so utilitarian a reflection, and the only shout which gives any genuine relief to his feelings is sure to be something connected with "Owld Ireland." There is not a folly, a madness, or a crime that has sullied the records of that unhappy country in times when excuses for folly and crime were not wanting, which is not glorified by a sort of quasi-patriotic halo when associated with the senseless cry of "Old Ireland for ever!" It is obvious that any rational patriot, however pure might be his Hibernian descent, would rejoice in nothing so much as to get rid of every trace of the old Ireland of penal laws and religious hatred and hopeless rebellions, of filth and poverty and assassination, and to make room for the new Ireland of industry and comfort, toleration and decency, which may become a fact whenever it pleases the finest peasantry to accept it. At present, however, the sort of poetical reverence for a repulsive past is stronger than the rational aspiration for a cheerful future, and the Old-Ireland worship flourishes in spite of the renovation which cannot be altogether resisted.

Hence it is that we still see those silly, rather than malignant, imitations of worn-out treasons that crop up at intervals to alarm the old women of the sister isle, and drive the Irish Government to measures of so-called repression, which it is almost equally impossible to avoid without encouraging absurd delusions, or to adopt without some compromise of official dignity. Just now a small epidemic of diluted cabbage-garden disaffection has been mildly raging in some of the Southern and Western counties. The particular phase of Owld Irelandism which is at this moment in the ascendant, is perhaps the least savory of all. In all these recurring attacks of social disorder some flavor of treason is essential to give the true Owld-Ireland smack to the proceedings, but it is satisfactory to find that the form of the disease becomes, like most epidemics, a shade milder at each repetition of the visit. Ireland can find in her history two distinct types of treason—the treason of deeds and the treason of words. The mitigated action of the virus was first developed in the O'CONNELL and SMITH O'BRIEN days, and unless we do a great injustice to the so-called Fenians, it is to the spurious treason-felony which consists in cursing and shouting and shamming at soldiers, and not to the savage genuine treason of an earlier date, that they look for their model. There is a controversy going on at present in the Irish press whether the symptoms that have appeared belong to a serious or to the mitigated form of the complaint; but, so far as any facts have yet been made public, there is no evidence that the dreaded army of Fenians is anything more than a band of idiots who think they can benefit their country by vain endeavors to march in fours, and more successful attempts at cursing the Royal Family, and singing "The Fenian Boys for ever." One of the most formidable stories duly detailed by the *Cork Daily Express* amounts only to this. About 200 young men walked out of Cork, as nearly as they could manage, four deep. A few men with green sticks (there is always something very terrible in a green stick, or a green cap) kept such order as they

could on the march, and it seems to have occurred to them that the demonstration would acquire a very military character by their all joining in a chorus; so they sang, "The Green above the Red," which no doubt is a very fine specimen of musical disaffection. Fifteen policemen started in pursuit, and thereupon the phalanx, without any panic as we are told, went home by another road, and quietly dispersed.

A still more daring manifestation at Clonakilty led to the arrest of five of the ring-leaders, and very damning evidence came out against them. The whole lot of these national troops were nationally drunk, and, being so, sang a "song about Bobbies," which was probably disrespectful to the guardians of the peace. Another chorus ended with "Fenian Boys, hurrah!" which naturally struck terror into the hearts of the bystanders. The evidence did not stop here, for it was clearly proved that, on the word "Halt" from one of the prisoners, the whole body came to a stand. All this no doubt meant a kind of mischief, and it was, we dare say, proper enough to commit these foolish disturbers of the peace for trial; but, so far, there is not much to scare sober people out of their senses. But the grand case of all is the Dundalk prosecution, which does acquire a shade of extra importance from the fact that a corporal of militia is charged with heading the movement. Corporal QUIGLEY is evidently a Fenian of lively imagination. He fancied that the eighty or one hundred men whom he had got together represented an army, and kept up the delusion by whistling or singing the bugle-calls used in light infantry drill. His musical powers seem to have been sufficient to perform intelligibly the call for the "double," and he had the satisfaction of seeing his company trot up with proper alacrity in answer to the tune, and, as the principal witness deposed, they had all "got into a lump" when he came up with them. A "lump" not being a known military organization, the commander made an attempt to get his men into fours, but he could not give the word quite right, and the men did not make much of the elementary movement; but it was distinctly sworn that they did make an effort to form fours, and gave some point to their little military essay by a more successful shout of "Hurrah for Liberty!—Make Way for the Fenians!"

When great events like these are disturbing the public tranquillity, it is not surprising that they should give rise to some difference of opinion. Certain newspapers are loud in their denunciations of the apathy of the government in the face of a conspiracy more formidable than any that has been seen since 1848. Others are disposed to ridicule the whole affair, and in one sense it is certainly puerile enough. But, silly and contemptible as these attempts at forming fours may be, they are not the less extremely mischievous; and we, at any rate, do not blame the authorities for prosecutions which, however ludicrous, have become necessary on account of the uneasiness which evidently exists, with or without cause, in many parts of Ireland. No one probably will be in any particular danger from a number of idle fellows ranging themselves four deep, and the whole proceeding is apparently nothing more than a particularly



silly songs of the Old Ireland ball. But the bernians are imaginative, and while they dream that the silly songs about Bobbies and Fenians, and Green over Red, threaten the public peace, half the apprehended mischief comes from the very anticipation of it. The common every day work of life on which the prosperity of a people attends will not go on smoothly while a real, or even an imaginary, insurrection is brewing under the social edifice. Least of all will money find its way for investment among a race who seem to consist only of two classes—those who like to walk about four deep, and those who are frightened out of their senses at this very ridiculous performance. Serious rebellion has long since become an impossibility in Ireland. All that there is of strength, respectability and intelligence in the country is opposed to it; and we need not fear the demonstrations of a militia corporal who can whistle the bugle calls, or of a score or two of drunken peasants who think they are doing something very brave in marching at his heels. Still, if serious rebellion is finally put down, mock rebellion is not the less a social nuisance; and if the Government can manage to suppress it without getting themselves laughed at, we are inclined to agree with the Earl of Bandon's opinion, that the sooner it is done the better.

(For the Saturday Press.)  
CONSOLATION.

Good-bye, we part! I do not know  
Whether we part for good or ill;  
Life's great results are something slow,  
But friendly doubt attends us still.

I notice fickleness of weather  
In that strange region of the heart—  
People forget love when together;  
I think we won't do worse apart.

W. D. H.

Mr. B. H. TICKNOR, No. 823 Broadway, will receive, to-day, from Messrs. TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, OWEN MEREDITH's new poem, "The Apple of Life." It is published in neat pamphlet form, at the low price of 25 cts. The poem has attracted much attention in England, where the young author (son of Sir Bulwer Lytton) ranks among not only the social but the literary *crème de la crème*.

Messrs. Morris Brothers, Pell and Trowbridge, the favorite Minstrels in Boston, are about building a theatre there, which promises to be the most tasteful edifice of the kind in the country.

## BOOKS.

### GEORGE G. CLAPP,

64 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.

Agent for the Purchase and Sale of RARE and VALUABLE BOOKS, PICTURES, ENGRAVINGS, ETC., &c.

### BENJAMIN H. TICKNOR,

(LATE WALTER LOW.)

BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER,

225 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY,

between Twelfth and Thirteenth Streets, four doors above  
Twelfth Street.

Special retail agency for all book publications of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields; also for "Our Young Folks," "Atlantic Monthly," and "North American Review." A select assortment of all other books.  
Urgent in full or half sets.

## THE BUSH RANGERS!

We shall issue October 1,

## THE BUSH RANGERS!

A Yankee's Adventures during his second visit to Australia.

By W. H. THOMES, Esq.,

Editor of "The American Union," "Flag of our Union,"  
and author of the "Gold Hunter's Adventures of  
Life in Australia," &c., &c.

1 Vol. 12mo. Illustrated. . . Price, \$2.00.

ALSO,

A NEW EDITION OF ITS COMPANION VOLUME,

## The Gold Hunter's Adventures;

OR, LIFE IN AUSTRALIA,

By W. H. THOMES, Esq.

1 Vol. 12mo. Handsomely Illustrated. Price, .00.

Sold by all Booksellers.

Either sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of \$2.00. Parties remitting us the price of ten copies will receive an additional copy gratis.

LEE & SHEPARD,

Publishers,

149 Washington Street, Boston.

## NEW BOOKS

PUBLISHED THIS DAY, BY

## TICKNOR & FIELDS,

BOSTON.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SEVENTY YEARS. By Mrs. John Farrar. 1 vol. 12mo. \$1.50.

This is one of the most readable volumes every issued from the press. It presents, in a pleasing style, the experiences of the author in the old world, reminiscences of distinguished people, whom it was her fortune to meet and knew, and abounds in anecdotes of celebrities, never before made public.

The New York Tribune says of the book:

"Written in a style of most unaffected simplicity, flowing with a certain colloquial ease, and marked with a rare good sense, as well as remarkable knowledge of the world. It has fallen to the lot of few persons to pass through such varied experiences as the author. . . . She has treasured up a store of recollections which cannot fail to interest readers of the present generation. . . . The general spirit of the narrative, its quiet illustration of the highest principles, and the variety and interest of its incidents, as well as its charming English diction, will make the book a favorite with the intelligent and refined reader."

HESPERUS: OR, FORTY-FIVE DOG-POST DAYS. By JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER. Translated by Rev. CHARLES T. BROOKS. 2 volumes. Uniform with "Titan." \$4.00.

This is the work which first made Richter popular with the German public, and has been pronounced his best production. It abounds with noble thoughts, and vividly illustrates the author's reverence for Deity, his catholic humanity, and his tender appreciation of female character.

LYRICS OF LIFE. By ROBERT BROWNING. With 12 illustrations, from Drawings by Sol. Eytinge. Paper. 50 cents.

This, the fourth volume of the series of Companion Poems, contains the most popular of Mr. Browning's shorter poems, among which are "My Last Duchess," "The Lost Leader," "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," "How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," "Prophet," "In a Year," "The Confessional," and fifty others.

TICKNOR & FIELDS, PUBLISHERS,  
124 TREMONT ST., BOSTON.

## CATALOGUE

OF A

CHOICE COLLECTION OF

RARE, CURIOUS, AND VALUABLE  
BOOKS.

NOW ON SALE, AT THE MODERATE PRICES ANNEXED.

Sent gratis to any address on receipt of a two cent stamp to prepay postage.

GEORGE T. PHILLIPS & Co.,  
No. 64 Nassau St., New York.

## MONUMENTS OF ART.

FROM THE  
EARLIEST ARTISTIC ATTEMPTS  
TO THE  
PRESENT PERIOD.

## DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS

FROM THE  
EARLIEST ARTISTIC ATTEMPTS

TO THE  
PRESENT PERIOD.

IN TWO VOLUMES

Text by

PROF. DR. WILLIAM LUBKE,

of Berlin, and

DR. CHARLES FR. A. VON LUTROW,

of Munich.

Published by EMIL SEITZ, GIBSON'S BUILDING, Broadway, cor. of 13th Street, New York.

MONUMENTS OF ART.—Emil Seitz, of this city, has published a very sumptuous work, entitled "Monuments of Art, showing its development and progress from the Earliest Artistic Attempts to the Present Period." It is a series, comprised in two large folio volumes, of outline engravings of almost everything valuable which remains to us of ancient art—that is to say of works of architecture, painting and sculpture, and of the most valuable and characteristic works of modern art in these departments. It enables those who inspect the series to follow ancient art from its rude origin to its highest perfection, and then to behold art reviving in modern times and passing through various changes to its present condition. It is a most rich and varied collection, and may be said of itself to form a perfect history of the fine arts, so far as the elements of the design is concerned. An octavo volume of explanations, translated into English from the German, accompanies the engravings.—N. Y. Herald, Feb. 11, 1894.

"The literature of art is becoming popular. Citizens are asking for books of instruction in the history, the philosophy, and the criticism of art. At this point of time, it has seemed to these best informed, that a history of art, by its monuments, would meet a great want, and tend to carry forward the education of the public mind. It is fortunate that such a work already exists, and needs but little modification to fit it for the American public. The gentlemen whose names appear on the title-page, are among the most eminent in their several departments, in Germany. The work was issued under the general direction of Professor KUGLER. Those who are acquainted with his Hand-Book of Art, and other admirable contributions to the literature of art, will need no other guarantee for the excellence of this work. Should lectures upon art become a part of the academic course of education, this work will supply an indispensable aid. It will serve schools and female seminaries in which instruction is already given in this interesting part of culture.

"But its special place will be found in the family. When once it shall become known, we believe that no private library, however select, will be deemed at all well furnished without this admirable Historical Exhibition of the Progress of art from the earliest day to our own"—H. W. Beecher

## THE PHILOBIBLION.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL;  
CONTAINING CRITICAL NOTICES OF, AND EXTRACTS  
FROM RARE, CURIOUS, AND VALUABLE OLD  
BOOKS.

Printed on India paper.

3 vols. Small 8vo. New York, 1892-1893. \$5.00.

"The work is full of casuistry going about books which the circle that will assemble at the house of 'Atticus' in the good times past, when Dr. Dibdin chronicled the doings of the lovers of books in his 'Bibliomania' and 'Dissertation' would have delighted in; and many curious and interesting anecdotal notes, by men whose opinions are worthy of perpetuation, are contained in the pages of 'The Philobiblion,' which will ever give them a lasting value in the estimation of scholars and bibliographers."—Oct. 1, 1894.

"A work which the few bibliographers who are bibliographers, and the few bookmen who are not bookmen, will be anxious to possess, and will likely give when they get it."—The Boston Herald, Jan. 26, 1894.

Only few copies remaining on hand, for sale by  
GEORGE T. PHILLIPS & CO.,  
No. 64 Nassau St., New York.



## INSURANCE.

## FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

METROPOLITAN INSURANCE COMPANY,  
108 AND 110 BROADWAY.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Surplus, over.....400,000

## INSURES

AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE.

ALSO, AGAINST ALL

MARINE AND INLAND NAVIGATION RISKS

ON CARGO OR FREIGHT.

The Assured receive 75 per cent. of the net profits, without incurring any liability, or in lieu thereof, at their option, a liberal discount upon the premium.

JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, President,  
R. M. C. GRAHAM, Vice-President,  
E. A. STANSBURY, 2d Vice-President,  
J. C. GOODRIDGE, Secretary.

ADRIATIC  
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,  
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

OFFICE, No. 139 BROADWAY

CASH CAPITAL, - - - - - \$300,000.

WITH SURPLUS SECURELY INVESTED.

FRANK W. LEWIS, Sec'y. WM. A. SEAVER, Pres't  
Property of all kinds, including Ships in Port and their Car-  
goes, insured on favorable terms.

## DIRECTORS.

WM. A. SEAVER, President.  
Andrew Carrigan.....Pres. Emigrant Savings Institution.  
James Suydam.....Cor. 39th St. & 4th Avenue.  
Joseph Stuart.....Of J. & J. Stuart, Bankers.  
R. A. Withams.....51 Worth Street.  
John Garcia.....Of P. Harmony's Nephews & Co  
Thomas T. Sturges....."Sturges & Co.  
Wm. H. Gulon....."Williams & Gulon.  
Wm. T. Blodgett....."Wm. Tilden & Nephew.  
Wm. L. Cogswell.....104 Wall Street.  
J. F. Giraud Foster.....Of Foster & Thompson.  
J. T. Agnew....."Wm. Agnew & Sons.  
Marshall O. Roberts.....177 West Street.  
Geo. W. Quintard.....Proprietor Morgan Iron Works.  
W. E. Everett.....Of Novelty Iron Works.  
Daniel Devlin....."Devlin & Co., City Chamber'n  
John E. Devlin.....Counsel to Corp'n City of N. Y.  
Wm. J. Schenck.....Of Schenck, Rutherford & Co.  
Wm. H. Marston.....Banker, 88 Wall Street.  
Fletcher Harper, Jr.....Of Harper & Brothers.  
John W. Harper....."  
Oliver Charllick.....123 West 34th Street.  
Shepard F. Knapp.....138 Front Street.  
C. Godfrey Gunther.....Of C. G. Gunther & Sons.  
Thomas F. Rowland.....Proprietor Continental Iron Works,  
Greenpoint.  
Wm. G. Fargo.....American Express Co.  
Edward Rowe.....Pres't Grocers' Bank.  
James M. Motley.....Vice-Pres't Manhattan OH Co.  
O. K. Bingham.....J. Ogden Hoffman,  
Paul S. Forbes.....Frank W. Lewis.

## FIRE INSURANCE,

With Participation in the Profits.

NORTH AMERICAN  
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,  
Office, No. 114 Broadway,

Branch Office, No. 10 COOPER INSTITUTE, 3d AVE.

INCORPORATED 1823.

CASH CAPITAL.....\$500,000 00  
SURPLUS.....221,468 50  
CASH CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, MAY 1, 1865,  
\$721,468 50.

INSURES PROPERTY AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE  
BY FIRE at usual rates, and returns Fifty per cent. of the  
net profits, each year, to the Assured.  
Policies issued and Losses paid at the office of the Com-  
pany, or at its various Agencies in the principal cities of  
the United States.

JAMES W. OTIS, President.  
R. W. BENDER, Secretary.  
E. P. MASON, Supt. Agencies.

## LIFE AND ACCIDENT.

THE ORIGINAL

## TRAVELERS' INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

CAPITAL.....\$500,000

INSURES AGAINST

## ACCIDENTS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

CAUSING LOSS OF LIFE OR BODILY INJURY

THE TRAVELERS' INSURANCE COMPANY was  
organized, under a charter granted by the Connecticut  
Legislature of 1863, amended by the Legislature of  
1864, for the specific purpose of effecting INSURANCE  
AGAINST ACCIDENTS, of whatever kind or description,  
whether they occur in traveling by railroad, steamboat or  
stagecoach, walking in the street, at work in the shop, or  
sitting by the domestic fireside; whether riding, boating,  
hunting, fishing, shooting, swimming, cricketing, survey-  
ing, engineering; whether working or playing at home or  
abroad—in every variety of circumstances in which man  
kind are ordinarily placed.

A General Accident Policy, not only includes the risk in  
traveling, but also all forms of dislocations, broken bones,  
ruptured tendons, sprains, concussions, crushings, bruises,  
cuts, stabs, gunshot wounds, poisoned wounds, burns and  
scalds, bites of dogs, unprovoked assaults by burglars,  
robbers or murderers—the action of lightning or sun-  
stroke, the effects of explosions, chemicals, floods and  
earthquakes, suffocation by drowning or choking.

This company has now been for more than a year in suc-  
cessful operation: has issued over twenty thousand poli-  
cies, and paid over three hundred claims for compensation  
(a partial list of which may be found in another column);  
has a directory of high character, and is managed with  
prudence and sagacity which distinguish Hartford insur-  
ance companies; has an ample capital and large surplus  
and its soundness and stability may be relied upon.

## GENERAL ACCIDENT RISKS.

## TEN DOLLARS PREMIUM

Under a General Accident, policy will secure \$10 per week  
compensation while disabled, (not exceeding twenty-six  
weeks,) or \$2,000 in the event of death by accident.

## TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS PREMIUM

Will secure \$25 per week compensation, or \$5,000 in ca-  
se of death.

## FIFTY DOLLARS PREMIUM

Will secure \$50 per week compensation, or \$10,000 in  
case of death.

Any other sum, from \$500 to \$10,000, at proportiona-  
rates.

Where compensation only is desired, or payment is  
made only in case of death, the rates are much lower.

The above are the "ordinary" or lowest rates  
"special" rates are \$1 per thousand higher.

No more than \$10,000 will be paid on any one life.

## BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

JAS. G. BATTERSON, GEO. W. MOORE,  
GUSTAVUS F. DAVIS, EBENEZER ROBERTS,  
JAS. L. HOWARD, CHARLES WHITE,  
MARSHALL JEWELL, HUGH HARBISON,  
CORNELIUS B. ERWIN, JONATHAN B. BUNCE,  
GEO. S. GILMAN,

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't

RODNEY DENNIS,

Secretary.

HENRY A. DYER, General Agent.  
H. C. MARSHALL, General Ticket Agent.  
Dr. S. B. HERESFORD, Surgeon.

## MISCELLANEOUS.



## MAGIC RUFFLE COMPANY.

To be found on each box and each piece of GENUINE  
MAGIC RUFFLE. All Ruffles, of whatever name, not  
having this mark, are worthless imitations and infringements  
on the patents of the Magic Ruffle Company.

The GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLES are full six yards in each  
piece, are well made, of the best material, and give perfect  
satisfaction to consumers.

For sale by all the Principal Jobbers and Retailers.  
Office of Company

95 CHAMBERS STREET, New York.

BIBLIOTHECA AMERICANA  
Vetustissima:

A DESCRIPTION OF WORK

RELATING TO

AMERICA,

Printed between the years 1492 & 1551.

The design of this publication is to give a critical account  
of all the works relating to America, which have been  
published in Italy, Germany, Spain, Portugal, France,  
England, Holland, and Mexico, from the time of the dis-  
covery by Columbus to the year 1551.

Upwards of two hundred titles (where Ternaux has fifty  
eight, and Rich only twenty) have been collected, and  
copied from the original works themselves, nearly all of  
which are in the possession of several well known Amer-  
ican collectors, who allowed the use of these extremely  
rare books in the preparation of this volume.

The entire title-page and colophon of every work will be  
given, together with minute collations, and a translation into  
English of all titles and extracts, descriptions of the maps  
and vocabularies, a succinct notice of the author, editor or  
printer, an index, introduction, and copious references to  
the various historical and bibliographical works in which  
the book has been previously mentioned or described, from  
Gesner to Gracae.

The work will form one volume large octavo.

The edition will be limited to five hundred copies,  
ninety-nine of which will be printed on large paper, and  
issued early in the ensuing autumn.

Price: for Subscribers only, large paper, \$20 per Copy.  
" " " " small paper, \$10 " "

All subscriptions should be addressed to the publishers,  
GEO. P. PHILES & CO.,  
No. 64 Nassau St., New York,

708. Praesto et Persto! Nunquam Dormio!

ALL THE NEW PUBLICATIONS ADVERTISED IN  
THE TRIBUNE, TIMES, POST, AND SATURDAY PRESS,  
FROM A DIME NOVEL TO THE HIGHEST CLASS OF  
LITERATURE ARE CONSTANTLY FOR SALE AT MY  
NEWS EMPORIUM.

AUGUST BRENTANO,  
708 BROADWAY,

NEARLY OPPOSITE THE NEW YORK HOTEL.

708. Vita Sine Literis Mors Est! 708.

## AWAY WITH SPECTACLES.

OLD EYES MADE NEW,

Without aid of doctor or medicine. Pamphlet sent by  
mail, free, on receipt of 10 cents. Address

E. B. FOOTE, M. D.,  
No. 1130 Broadway, New York.

UNION SQUARE  
BILLIARD ROOMS,  
60 & 62 EAST FOURTEENTH STREET,

Between Broadway and Fourth Ave

Containing twenty-two of

PHELAN'S MARBLE AND SLATE TABLES,  
making them

THE HANDSOMEST

and most complete Billiard Rooms in this country

CHRIS. O'CONNOR, Proprietor



**AT H. MACYS**  
JUST RECEIVED. THE FALL IMPORTATION OF  
OUR POPULAR FRENCH KID GLOVES, FOR LADIES,  
GENTS, AND MISSES. FINEST QUALITY, CHOICE SHADES,  
AND AT THE LOWEST PRICE IN THE CITY. 304 AND  
206 SIXTH AVENUE, NEAR FOURTEENTH STREET.

**MR. HENRY GEBHARD'S GYMNASIUM**  
and FENCING ACADEMY, No. 161 Fifth Ave.,  
corner of Twenty-Second St. and Broadway, will com-  
mence with its 12th Season, 1885-1886, MONDAY, Oct. 2.  
Circulars sent on application.

**PFAFF'S!! PFAFF'S!!**

No. 653 BROADWAY.

THE MOST CELEBRATED RESTAURANT IN THE  
COUNTRY.

THE BEST WINES.

THE BEST LAGER BEER.

THE BEST VIANDS

THE BEST WAITERS.

THE BEST COMPANY.

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING

THE COOLEST AND PLEASANTEST

SUMMER GARDEN

IN THE CITY.

THE GROUNDS CROWDED DAY AND NIGHT.

EVERYBODY WHO COMES TO TOWN GOES

ONCE TO

**PFAFF'S,**

No. 653 BROADWAY.

First Prize Gold Medal!

**SCHÜTZE & LUDOLFF**

MANUFACTURERS OF

**GRAND AND SQUARE  
PIANOFORTES,**

452 BROOME STREET,

near Broadway, New-York,

Have received the highest and most flattering testimonials  
from the best musical judges in the country; and were al-  
ways awarded the

**FIRST PREMIUM,**

in competition with the best makers of Boston, New-York,  
Philadelphia, Baltimore, Albany, and Troy, whenever their  
Pianos were exhibited. Among the judges were

GOTTSCHEK, H. A. WOLLENHAUPT

and many others.

Among the many references, we name the following  
musical celebrities, known through the entire country: Mr.  
A. Gockel; Mr. M. Strakosch; Mr. Paul Julian; Mr. Carl  
Anschütz, Director of the German Opera; Mrs. A. Seguin;  
Mrs. Chr. Pissoni; Mr. A. Davis, Professor of Music.

Every Piano Forte warranted for five years.

**The Weber Pianoforte**

is called the best instrument made, by all the leading mu-  
sicians of this city and elsewhere. It is pronounced by the  
National Pianoforte Association, after a trial in their rooms  
with the first manufacturers of this country, eminently

**The Best Piano in America,**

and is used by the Conservatory of Music and other high  
music schools, altogether, because of its immense power,  
equality, sweetness and brilliancy of tone, elastic touch,  
and great durability.

WAREHOUSES,

No. 429 Broome Street, near Broadway

NEW YORK.

**PARLOR ORGANS!**

The latest improvement and most desirable parlor instru-  
ment made.

**CHURCH ORGAN HARMONIUMS!**

Pronounced by leading Organists to be unequalled.

**SCHOOL ORGANS!**

A powerful, compact, and durable instrument for schools, &c.

**MELODEONS!**

The largest and finest assortment in the country.

*N.B.—Illustrated Circulars and Price Lis-  
sent by Mail.*

MANUFACTURED BY

CARHART, NEEDHAM & CO.,

No. 97 East Twenty-third street, N. Y.

**NEW AND EXQUISITELY TOUCHING MUSIC.—**  
WE NEVER CAN FORGET; Or, the Memories of  
Andersonville Prison Pens. 30c.

Also just published: **OUR SONG OF LIBERTY.** 30c.

"THE GOOD TIME HAS COME, BOYS." 30c.

"DE LORD HE MAKE US FREE." 30c.

"THE COTTAGE ROUND THE CORNER." 30c.

**THE NATIONAL JUBILEE PRIZE SONG.** 30c.

Any of the above popular songs mailed free on receipt of  
the price; two songs for 50 cents, or five for one dollar.

Published by W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, No. 89  
Beekman st., and sold by all Music dealers.

**BURDON'S**

**PATENT MUSIC BINDERS**

A perfect device to preserve Sheet Music from wear and  
ear and keep everything surely in place. 3 cents each;  
25 cents per dozen. For sale at the Music Stores.

THEO. HAGEN,

596 Broadway

**THE BRITISH**

**Fine Arts' Publishing Association**

Offer to the American public a large and select consign-  
ment of Engravings of works of the most popular modern  
artists. They are now on view at their offices, 596 Broad-  
way. Will be sold by retail at moderate prices to suit  
every customer. The trade supplied.

ROSS & GIBBS, Agents.

**MME DEMOREST'S GRAND FALL OPENING,**  
MONDAY, Sept. 4.—All the latest and most recherche  
styles of Paris modes for Ladies and Children's dresses.  
Paper Models, elegantly trimmed or plain duplicates fur-  
nished. The latest styles of Waist Patterns cut to fit the  
form. **EMPORIUM OF FASHIONS,** No. 473 Broadway  
branches, No. 27 East Fourteenth-st., No. 134 Pierpont-st.,  
Brooklyn, including 225 Branches in the principal cities of  
the Union and Canada.

**CHICKERING & SON,**

ESTABLISHED 1823,

MANUFACTURERS OF

**Grand, Square & Upright Pianofortes**

Warerooms, 652 Broadway, New York.

The superiority of these instruments has of late been  
amply demonstrated by the voluntary testimony of the  
foremost artists of the day, who claim for them excellence  
of tone and workmanship hitherto-unobtained by any other  
makers.

Mr. Gottschalk's constant use of the new scale Chick-  
ering Grand Pianofortes has severely tested their musical  
qualities, and resulted in establishing the justice of the very  
flattering estimation in which they are held.

Messrs. CHICKERING & SONS are sole agents for the  
celebrated Alexandre Organs for the United States.

**DEMAREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE**  
for October. The most entertaining periodical ever  
presented to the American public, especially to the ladies.  
Do not fail to see the October-number.

**HARPS.**

**J. F. BROWNE & CO.,**

MANUFACTURERS—WAREHOUSES:

**709 BROADWAY,**

betw. Fourth St. and Washington Place.

A large and choice collection of Music for Harp, and  
Harp and Piano, both of foreign and own publication. In-  
struction Books, Strings of the best quality, and every re-  
quisite for the Harp.

**GEORGE STECK & CO.**

MANUFACTURERS OF

**GRAND & SQUARE**

**PIANOFORTES**

Beg to call the attention of the music-loving public to an  
improvement introduced by them into the

**AGRAFFE PIANOS.**

This new invention brings the AGRAFFE in connection  
with a plate manufactured of Brass and Bell Metal (instead  
of the iron plate heretofore used) and thereby avoids the  
so called "iron sound" replacing it by a sonorous and ex-  
tremely pure silvery tone, never before obtained in pianos.  
Every Instrument warranted for five years.

SALESROOMS,

**113 & 115 WALKER STREET,  
NEW YORK.**

**BRILLIANT AND POWERFUL DAY**  
and Night Double and Single

**PERSPECTIVE GLASSES.**

for the Sea, Field, and Opera. Compact, portable, and ef-  
ficient; shows objects distinctly from two to six miles. In-  
valuable to travellers.

**BRAZILIAN PEBBLE**

**SPECTACLES and EYE-GLASSES,**

to strengthen and preserve the sight of old and young,  
with ease and comfort to the eye, by day or night, without  
the distressing effect of frequent changes. Catalogues  
etc., sent free, by enclosing stamp.

SEMMONS,

OCULIST-OPTICIAN,

609 1/2 BROADWAY, opposite Bond street.

NEW YORK

**PIANOFORTE COMPANY.**

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT

**PIANOFORTES,**

**SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS**

The principal reason of this fact is, that the firm is com-  
posed of the most expert artisans, from the largest estab-  
lishments of this City, who invent all their own improve-  
ments, and under whose personal supervision every part  
of the instrument is manufactured.

We shall not speak here of the superb tone, features, and  
other characteristics of our instruments, but we invite with  
confidence, intelligent Professors, Amateurs, and all who  
take an interest in the progress of the Pianoforte, to call  
at our establishment, to convince themselves that the merits  
of our instruments are not overrated.

**394 HUDSON ST.,**

Between Houston and Clarkson st., New York

**CABINET ORGAN**

**INSTRUCTIONS AND MUSIC,**

**WINNER'S PERFECT GUIDE FOR THE CABINET  
ORGAN; containing  
EASY AND PROGRESSIVE LESSONS,**

AND

**NEW AND ATTRACTIVE EXERCISES,**  
Designed to enable any one to obtain a knowledge of  
playing

Without the Aid of a Teacher,

TOGETHER WITH A

Choice Collection of Popular Music,

ADAPTED TO THE INSTRUMENT.

Price 75 cents, on receipt of which it will be sent by mail,  
post-paid. **OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers,**  
277 Washington Street, Boston.

**CHURCH ORGANS.**

**HENRY ERBEN,**

Organ Manufacturer, keeps constantly on hand

**CHURCH AND PARLOR ORGANS**

OF EVERY SIZE AND DESCRIPTION.

Orders promptly executed, and on reasonable terms. For  
particulars as to size, price, &c., inquire at the Manufactory

**163, 170 & 172 CENTRE STREET,**

Corner of Canal St., N. Y.

**THINE & SON,**

MANUFACTURERS OF

**THE BEST PIANOFORTES.**

WAREHOUSES,

**No. 111 East Fourteenth St.,**

Between the Academy of Music and 2d Avenue, N. Y.



# THEATRE

## BROADWAY THEATRE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

# THEATRE

## BROADWAY THEATRE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

# THEATRE

## BROADWAY THEATRE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

On Wednesday and Thursday, at 8 P.M.  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE  
 THE GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE

# VANDERLIP & TAYLOR

(SUCCESSORS TO A. BARKIN & CO.)  
 REPORTERS AND DEALERS IN  
 HOSIERY, UNDER-GARMENTS,  
 FURNISHING GOODS, ETC.

No. 66 BOWERY, No. 339 BROADWAY,  
 AND  
 No. 125 FIFTH AVENUE,  
 (Corner of 23d Street.)

FINE DRESS SHIRTS TO ORDER  
 STEINWAY & SONS,  
 MANUFACTURERS OF

GRAND,  
 SQUARE,  
 AND  
 UPRIGHT  
 PIANO FORTES

WAREHOUSES,  
 71 & 73 East 14th Street,  
 BETWEEN UNION SQUARE AND IRVING PLACE,  
 NEW YORK.

AMERICAN UNION COMPANY,  
 MANUFACTURERS OF THE  
 NEW PIANO-FORTE,  
 HUTCHINSON, DAVIES & CO.,

GENERAL AGENTS,  
 467 BROOME STREET,  
 CORNER OF GREENE STREET, NEW YORK.

CHARLES BRUNO,  
 FRANKS & CO. OF THE  
 NEW YORK PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM MANUFACTORY  
 241 Broadway, opposite the New York Hotel.

# PIANOFORTES

The number of pianofortes in the world is estimated at 100,000. In the United States there are about 10,000. The pianoforte is the most popular of all musical instruments.

I. The pianoforte is the most popular of all musical instruments. II. The pianoforte is the most popular of all musical instruments. III. The pianoforte is the most popular of all musical instruments.

IV. The pianoforte is the most popular of all musical instruments. V. The pianoforte is the most popular of all musical instruments. VI. The pianoforte is the most popular of all musical instruments.

No instrument of this make is deemed fit for sale unless combining every one of the following truly desirable features.

As proof of the estimation in which the pianofortes made under the Decker patent are held the following official notices from the press, together with the plain-spoken testimonials of leading artists and professors, are respectfully submitted.

From the N. Y. Herald, April 22, 1884.  
 By correcting the only imperfections arising from the use of the fall board, and that, too, by not detracting in the slightest degree from its many positive advantages, the Decker pianoforte has developed in their instruments a tone at once admirable for its purity, fullness, prolongation, and sweetness, and the high estimation in which their improvement is held is well shown in the rapidly increasing business of their firm.

From the N. Y. World, Dec. 27, 1884.  
 The Decker instrument is thoroughly excellent and the acknowledged favorite with most professional players.

From the Musical Review and World, June 4, 1884.  
 Messrs. Decker Brothers, although but a few years established, have at once placed themselves on a footing with the most renowned makers of their city, and their career has been one series of successes with the public at large as well as with the connoisseurs. Thus earnestness of purpose, thorough knowledge, and inventive power, combined with modesty, have again proved to be the true lever of success.

TESTIMONIALS  
 FROM THE  
 MOST DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS.

After having examined the pianofortes of Messrs. Decker Brothers very carefully, we have come to the conclusion and cheerfully testify that they are in every respect superior instruments. Their tone is pure, rich, brilliant, very distinct, and of an entirely musical character. Their workmanship is of the very best, plainly demonstrating that none but the very best materials are used, and their touch, evenness and quality of tone throughout the whole compass of the keyboard unsurpassed by any other pianofortes we have ever seen.

Every Pianoforte warranted for Seven Years.

WAREHOUSES,  
 No. 91 BLEECKER STR.,  
 One Block West of Broadway,  
 NEW YORK.

Rindt, Manz & Co.,  
 LATE GRUPE & KINTZ,  
 MANUFACTURERS OF

FIRST-CLASS PIANO-FORTES.  
 FACTORY AND WAREHOUSE,  
 NO. 20 SIXTH STREET N. Y.

FIFTH SON & CO.,  
 PUBLISHERS OF MUSIC,  
 MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,  
 SUPERIOR STRINGS, &c.  
 No. 125 Broadway, New York.

Catalogues and Price Lists sent free on application.